

Accepts Position in New Dominion Govt: Premier's Position Vacant

Minister of Customs in Union Cabinet—One of Five Additional Liberals to Join—Hon. T. A. Cresser Takes Portfolio of Agriculture; Hon. J. A. Calder, Minister of Immigration and Colonization; Hon. J. G. Macdonald, Minister of Militia—Hon. M. W. Rowell, President of Privy Council.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor informed The Bulletin last night that he had received a telegram from the Hon. A. L. Sifton, resigning the office of Premier of Alberta.

(By Morning Bulletin Lead Wire)
OTTAWA, Oct. 12.—Shortly before 1 o'clock the following members of the new union administration were sworn in as follows: Premier and Secretary of State for external affairs, Sir Robert Borden.

Minister of Militia, Major-General Borden.
Minister of Overseas Service, Sir Edward Kemp.
Minister of Immigration and Colonization, Hon. J. A. Calder.
Agriculture, Hon. T. A. Cresser.
Customs, Hon. A. L. Sifton.
President of the Privy Council, Hon. M. W. Rowell.
Railways and Canals, Hon. D. B. Reid.
Secretary of State and Minister for (new), Hon. M. T. Borden.

Hon. Frank Cochrane goes to the Canadian Northern as chairman of the board of directors, and Sir George Percy becomes Canadian High Commissioner in London.

The Calder Vacancy
REGINA, Oct. 12.—The Hon. J. A. Calder's entry into the new union cabinet will not only remove the provincial cabinet acceptance to certain of the Saskatchewan farmers who expressed the opinion that Hon. J. A. Calder's portfolio was not a desirable one, but it will also remove the possibility of a split in the cabinet. It is pointed out that Hon. J. A. Calder's entry into the cabinet will remove the possibility of a split in the cabinet. It is pointed out that Hon. J. A. Calder's entry into the cabinet will remove the possibility of a split in the cabinet.

First Cabinet Council
OTTAWA, Oct. 12.—The new union government held its first cabinet council last night. The Hon. J. A. Calder was not present. The Hon. J. A. Calder was not present. The Hon. J. A. Calder was not present.

Carroll and Murray
WINNIPEG, Oct. 12.—The Free Press reports that the Hon. J. A. Calder's entry into the cabinet will remove the possibility of a split in the cabinet. It is pointed out that Hon. J. A. Calder's entry into the cabinet will remove the possibility of a split in the cabinet.

GENERAL FEELING OF LIBERAL MEMBERS OF LEGISLATURE IS FOR HON. C. STEWART

The announcement from Ottawa that Premier A. L. Sifton had been sworn into office as minister of the interior, has caused a general feeling of dissatisfaction among the Liberal members of the legislature. It is pointed out that Hon. C. Stewart is the only Liberal member of the legislature who has not been sworn into office.

Stewart the Man
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Fought Forward Doggedly Over Mud-Locked Battlefields of Ypres

(By Morning Bulletin Lead Wire)
BRITISH FRONT IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM, Oct. 12.—All day yesterday the British and French troops fought forward doggedly foot by foot over the mud-locked battlefields north of Ypres. The fighting was a desperate one, and the British and French troops fought forward doggedly foot by foot over the mud-locked battlefields north of Ypres.

1917 EXAMINED
TORONTO, Oct. 12.—The 1917 record was made in the mobilization which was the most successful in the history of the world. It is pointed out that the 1917 record was made in the mobilization which was the most successful in the history of the world.

Ypres Resentment Forward Motion

TOTAL CRORE UNDER CROP IN 1917 Nearer Half A MILLION GREATER THAN IN 1916

Area Under Wheat Shows Decrease of 75,856 Acres—75 Per Cent Will Grade No. 1 Northern—In Many Places Grading No. 1 Hard—Yield Much Higher Than Was Expected

(By Morning Bulletin Lead Wire)
REGINA, Sask., Oct. 12.—The Saskatchewan department of agriculture today issued its estimate of the principal grain harvests by districts. A comparison of the figures with those of the previous year shows a total increase of 75,856 acres in the area under wheat, which has increased almost half a million acres.

Greater Than Expected
The yield is much higher than was expected during the summer and it is now expected that the yield will be larger than last year. The following is the estimate given by the census of the principal grain crops: Wheat, 2,525,000 bushels per acre; barley, 22,250 bushels per acre; flax, 12,250 bushels per acre; and oats, 12,250 bushels per acre.

Estimated Total Wheat
The estimated total wheat acreage in the province is 2,525,000 acres, which is a decrease of 75,856 acres from the 1916 figure. The yield is much higher than was expected during the summer and it is now expected that the yield will be larger than last year.

No Arbitrary Resignation
PRICE FIXED REPORTED ON POTATOES ON YPSOPE

Persons Engaging in the Wholesale Business Must Be Licensed, However

(By Morning Bulletin Lead Wire)
OTTAWA, Oct. 12.—The food controller has decided not to fix an arbitrary price for potatoes. This decision has been arrived at as a result of a meeting of the representatives of the potato growers and the food controller.

German Minister of Marine; Socialists Also Determined to Get Chancellor Michels

(By Morning Bulletin Lead Wire)
BERLIN, Oct. 12.—The German minister of marine, Admiral von Capelle, has announced that he will resign his post. The socialists are also determined to get Chancellor Michels.

SAYS ECONOMIC SITUATION HAS BECOME ACUTE

Assertion by P. A. Stovall, the United States Minister to Switzerland

(By Morning Bulletin Lead Wire)
AN ATLANTIC PORT, Oct. 12.—After three years spent in the center of the German colonies, P. A. Stovall, United States minister to Switzerland, declared today that the economic situation in Germany is acute.

HAVE SUFFERED FOR FORCE, SAYS ANDRE ARDIEU

"We Kept in Our Hearts That Open World, Alsace-Lorraine"

(By Morning Bulletin Lead Wire)
MUNICH, Oct. 12.—The German people have suffered for force, says Andre Ardiou, a Frenchman who has lived in Germany for many years. He says that the German people have suffered for force.

500 LINE MULCT \$30,000 DAMAGES

Largest Sum Ever Paid by Railway in Iowa for Damages

(By Morning Bulletin Lead Wire)
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URGENT LIQUOR VENUE

WINNIPEG, Oct. 12.—John J. McLaughlin, a prominent liquor dealer, has been arrested for selling liquor to the public. He was charged with selling liquor to the public.

DRAFT PROCLAMATION

The Bulletin publishes today on page 13 the proclamation of the draft law, which is described by the military service act. It is a law which is described by the military service act.

PROFITS MADE BY WAR-TIME EXPORT TRADE

Statement by General Manager of William Davies Company

BEST BACON ROSE 13 CENTS IN PERIOD

Salt Water Sold for Pickle at 28 Cents Per Pound

(By Morning Bulletin Lead Wire)
TORONTO, Oct. 12.—Recalled to the public the fact that the price of salt water sold for pickles is 28 cents per pound.

Price of Bacon

The examination of witnesses today was given in connection with the case of the bacon. The examination of witnesses today was given in connection with the case of the bacon.

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Heavy Rains Stop the Progress of British Attack from New Line

Before Storm Again Broke a Large Number of Strongly Defended Positions on the Whole Front, Which Extended from Ypres-Roulers Railway on the South to Junction with French at South Edge of Houtholst Forest, Were Captured—500 Prisoners Taken During the Day.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—"Notwithstanding the heavy rain which fell during the night, our troops succeeded in forming up for an attack which was launched at 5:25 o'clock this morning. Progress was made along the entire front, which extended from the Ypres-Roulers railway on the south, to our junction with the French on the southern edge of the Houtholst Forest," says the official communication issued tonight from Field Marshal Haig.

"On the whole of this front a large number of defended localities, woods and concentered strong points were captured by us, together with a number of prisoners, including several hundred."

"The fighting was especially severe on the slopes of Quin ridge, west of Passchendaele, and on the main ridge itself south of that village."

"A heavy rain again set in during the morning after a brief interval of fine weather, and has continued with increased violence throughout the day and impeded our progress. It was, in consequence, decided not to make any further effort to reach our final objectives."

"The number of prisoners taken by us during the day is approximately 500."

German Reconnoitre

LONDON, Oct. 12.—The official statement issued this evening, says that the German reconnaissance force was taken by our airplanes to reconnoitre the front. The German reconnaissance force was taken by our airplanes to reconnoitre the front.

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ALBERTA COLLEGE, EDMONTON

SPARING NO EFFORTS SPARING NO EXPENSE

ALBERTA COLLEGE HAS JUST PURCHASED NINE NEW MASON & RICH PIANOS, WITH THE ALIQUOT SCALE FOR USE IN THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT

The College fully appreciates the advantage it is offering to musical students in providing pianos with the Aliquot system, which means absolute equality of tone in each register of the piano, and is a twentieth century triumph. The most severe tests in technique and velocity have demonstrated their superiority, as it has used this make of piano since the institution first opened its musical department.

Mason & Risch Pianos

have won widespread and lasting favor, because of their many superior qualities. Beauty, simplicity of design, durability of construction, and elasticity of touch—are some of their salient characteristics. Owing to their all around satisfaction, most of the leading and best educational institutions throughout the Dominion are equipped with them. The following are a few of the well-known schools that use the Mason & Risch:

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
HARVING LADIES' COLLEGE, Toronto, Ont.
HARVING LADIES' COLLEGE, Winnipeg, Man.
ALBERTA COLLEGE, Edmonton, Alta.
GLENN MARSH SCHOOL, Toronto, Ont.
BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL, Toronto, Ont.
CENTRAL TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL, Toronto, Ont.
ANSELBY HALL, Toronto, Ont.
REGINA COLLEGE, Saskatoon.

LET US SHOW YOU THESE SUPERIOR PIANOS. SOLD TO YOU DIRECT—FACTORY TO HOME!—IN TWENTY BRANCH STORES

Mason & Risch Ltd.

"THE HOME OF THE VICTROLA"
10156 JASPER AVENUE, EDMONTON

NEWS OF THE DISTRICT

SUNNYBIDE

The school was inspected on Friday, September 28th, by J. A. Pike of Edmonton. Found to have in our midst Private Elmer Kemp of Innisfail. A few of the children were seen to be returned from the front. Though it is a sad and sad condition, but the school is a fine one. The school is a fine one. The school is a fine one.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Maynes and daughter left Thursday evening for Regina, Ont., where they will reside in the future.

The threshing machine owned by Mr. Laurence Ives commenced work, Friday, Sept. 28th, for the Jeffery Bros., and the machine owned by the "Company," expects to commence Monday of next week, at Mr. C. L. Crotter's farm.

We hear that Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey Prince of Cranston, have a little daughter now.

SION

Bulletin Correspondence.
Mr. Frank Nash, who is a nurse at the Minto's hospital, has been up here helping Mr. Langlois with his harvesting for the last several parties returned on Monday to resume his duties at Edmonton. He took with him a parcel of seventeen pairs of socks for the Red Cross, which he has given to Mr. Langlois, who will take them to the front.

Mr. Langlois is doing a roaring trade with his auto. He has been to Edmonton last week and one this week, always bringing several loads of hay. He is doing a roaring trade with his auto.

Miss Balmer paid a visit last week from Whistler, looking after her horses which had strayed away to their late home here.

Sion, Oct. 6th.

LAS STE ANNE

Bulletin Correspondence.
The continued rains are delaying the harvesting and the crops are suffering. The crop is generally good, with slight damage from frost. The wind is blowing from the west.

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covered. Took place on Monday from the house of Mr. M. A. Fagan to the Shawanaw cemetery.
Mrs. J. H. Fagan, wife of the late Mr. Fagan, died on Monday morning. She was 70 years of age. She was a native of the United States and had been married to Mr. Fagan for 40 years. She was a devoted mother and a kind and generous friend. She was buried in the Shawanaw cemetery on Tuesday morning.

GREEN COURT
Bulletin Correspondence.
The rain has put a stop to threshing. The rain has put a stop to threshing. The rain has put a stop to threshing.

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MATERNALISTS ENDORSE LOAN

Minister of Finance Confers With
25 Canadian Fraternal
Societies in Toronto

TORONTO, Oct. 12.—Thomas White, minister of finance, who is in the city today conferring with representatives of 25 Canadian fraternal societies in connection with the new Canadian War Loan Bill, was very interested in the cooperation and aid of the various societies in raising the required revenue. The minister passed a resolution in which the societies were asked to endorse the loan and pledge themselves to invest all available funds in the loan.

WINNING BALLOON
WENT 400 MILES

MUSKOGEE, OKLA., Oct. 12.—Bernard von Hoffman, in the balloon "St. Louis," with his brother Albert, 14 years old, was successful in winning the ninth international balloon race by flying the Oklahoma Fair balloon, under whose auspices the race was held. The von Hoffman brothers landed yesterday at Ripley, Miss., four hundred miles from here. This morning four other balloons which went up were accounted for.

ITALIAN HEADQUARTERS, Oct. 12.—Gabriele d'Annunzio, who was lately promoted to be a major, organized and directed the recent raid on the Adriatic coast, which was successful. He is now in the city, and is expected to be promoted to be a major.

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MAGIC BAKING POWDER



Should be in every kitchen. Its use assures complete satisfaction in baking cakes, biscuits and pastry.
YOUR GROCER
SUGGESTS
E. W. Gillett Co. Ltd.
TORONTO, CANADA.
Winners Montreal

Canadian Lines Co-operate; Avoid Freight Congestion

Ottawa, October 12.—Canadian railways, with co-operation of the Canadian Lines, are making every effort to avoid the congestion of freight cars in the coming winter season. The Canadian Lines, which are now in a conference, are being held here between Mr. J. R. Macdonald, president of the Canadian Lines, and Mr. J. R. Macdonald, president of the Canadian Lines. The conference is being held here between Mr. J. R. Macdonald, president of the Canadian Lines, and Mr. J. R. Macdonald, president of the Canadian Lines.

He used a pebble in his day, to keep his mouth moist—

WE use

WRIGLEY'S



gives us a wholesome, antiseptic, refreshing confection to take the place of the cave man's pebble.

We help teeth, breath, appetite, digestion and deliciously soothe mouth and throat with this welcome sweetest.

The Flavour Lasts!

(Be aware of imitations—none can equal the WRIGLEY quality—materials, flavour and lasting goodness)

PUT WRIGLEY'S IN YOUR FIGHTER'S CHRISTMAS BOX: It costs little but gives a lot of comfort and refreshment. Not only a long-lasting confection but a nerve-steadener, a thirst-quencher, a pick-me-up. Every Christmas parcel should contain some Wrigley's Gum.

10

BRICK PLANT
WILL BE OPEN

**Largest Manufactory of Common
Brick in Dominion is Adja-**

The large brick plant of the Acme Brick company at Cannell, about six miles northwest of Edmonton, will recommence the manufacture of bricks on Monday, Oct. 15, having been shut down for about two months.

interest in the land operations during the harvest season—to allow their employees to work on their own farms and return to the factory when the crops are available for the farmers. The crops are returned city-wards, the plant will run on a reduced scale.

In order to catch up with the demand between fifty and sixty months, the plant will work overtime if necessary. The plant will be able to produce all the gold and it will be necessary to run the plant on a reduced scale during the frost will permit.

Practically all the brick used in Alaska is made in the city of Fairbanks. Line drawn from Red Sea to Kegonsa, Alaska, is the only brick plant in the United States. The plant is in the Dominion and is continuously being brought up-to-date by the use of the latest machinery and the adaptation of the latest ideas. It is in the city of Fairbanks and is the only brick plant in the city that is capable of producing the brick for the winter.

Being situated outside the city and away from the city, the plant is not very well known to many Red Sea and Kegonsa. The plant is invited to be arranged a trip to the plant during the next five or six weeks. From the mechanical city-wards to the city of Fairbanks.

NEW SCHEDULE OF STREET RAILWAY

In another column will be found the new schedule of the Edmonton street railway, effective next Wednesday, October 17. As the routes and hours of leaving etc. are given

"In future transfers will be issued to passengers on all routes only when they are leaving for a transfer or junction point. This change is necessary, due to the operation of one-man cars for the different lines, the public can study out the service very conveniently. This is the new schedule under which the one-man cars will be run. In connection with this, the street railway department makes this announcement and request, which it is hoped the public will note:

"The street railway department will greatly appreciate the co-operation of the travelling public, in making economy car operation a success, by having their exact fare ready, and thus assisting the operator in the performance of his duties."

**THIRTY-THREE FIT;
106 ARE REJECTED**

Of the 164 men examined by the Edmonton standing medical board on Friday 32 were found fit, or in other

The number examined shows a falling off from Wednesday, when 259 appeared for examination.

The movement of land seekers from the north western States has begun, and it now looks as though a larger number than usual were coming. Of

these not a few are locating in Northern Alberta, the Peace River country seemingly being the objective. At Kansas City alone, a large number of enquiries are being made about that section. There was a shipment of 66 cars of settlers effects from that city in one week.

Dr. Michael Clark will speak at two meetings to be held under the auspices of the Edmonton Win-the-War league, Friday, October 19, in the McDougall auditorium and the First Presbyterian church. Other promi-

TO BE R.N.W.M.P. COMPTROLLER
OTTAWA, Oct. 12.—The appointment of Angus A. McLean, ex-M.P. for Queens, P.E.I., to be comptroller of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police from October 15, to succeed Can-

tain L. Fortescue, retired, is officially gazetted.

STMAS TO MAKE SURE

TO MAKE SURE IT'S THERE IN TIME

and 22,000 parcels passed through one Canadian depot in France. Miss Maloney urges an early pre-

Unless parcels are dispatched at the earliest possible date, they may be delayed till after the new year. Perishable foodstuffs should not be sent, as almost without

our Parcel of Smokes

IN, NOT CRUSHED

News and

Tobacco Store
few doors east of First St.
on with his **Old Stand** in the Owl

store.

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

Racing
Football
Shooting

What's What in the World of Sport

Baseball
Bowling
TennisGIANTS ARRIVE IN CHICAGO;
OUT TO WIN GAME TODAY
AT HOME, SOX HOPES REVIVE

"World's Serious" Warfare Enters Closing Stage with Fifth Game Scheduled for Today—No Indication of Who Will Pitch on Either Side, but an Abundance of Guesses

CHICAGO, Oct. 12.—The world's serious warfare enters its closing stage with the fifth game of the National League championship series between the New York Giants and the Chicago White Sox today. The game is scheduled for 7:15 p.m. at the Comiskey Park. Each club has two victories in the series. The Sox have won the first two games, and the Giants have won the last two. The game is expected to be a close one, as both teams are in excellent form. The Sox have a strong pitching staff, and the Giants have a powerful batting line. The game is expected to be a classic, and it is sure to attract a large crowd.

find themselves running to cover if they go against them again.

Edie Giesse said tonight that he was ready to work tomorrow if called upon, and that he was sure to win the game. He said that he was sure to win the game, and that he was sure to win the game.

The Sox agreed that the Giants looked like a smart and fast club on Thursday, and that it was a team that would have a lot of trouble on it was in its winning mood.

Chicago has shown more than it has in the past, and it is a team that is in excellent form. The Sox have a strong pitching staff, and the Giants have a powerful batting line. The game is expected to be a close one, as both teams are in excellent form.

It is a team that is in excellent form, and it is a team that is in excellent form. The Sox have a strong pitching staff, and the Giants have a powerful batting line. The game is expected to be a close one, as both teams are in excellent form.

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Sporting Facts and Fancies

And this is to inform you that adding chess is one of the most popular sports among those who don't know anything about it. The difference between chess and baseball or any other existing game is that when you play chess you can't get up and yell—no matter how strong the urge is to get up and scream your head off.

Gene Melady, the Omaha sport promoter, has put forth a new set of rules to govern wrestling matches. Among other things of assistance and he wants the mat artist to post forfeits, so that they will be sure to put up a good show. If they don't, he proposes to refund the admission price to those who have paid it. Needless to say, there has been no great chorus of approval from the wrestling fraternity.

There'll be no secret practice at Harvard this year. This phase of the athletic practice has not been temporarily out of existence and will very likely remain dormant until 'verily football is again resumed after the war. The daily work behind closed gates, which usually started the first week in October and cast an air of mystery about everything concerning football at the great institution, has no place in freshman work, which is being carried on under the supervision of Head Coach Donald A. Wallace.

Birthday of "Rube" Waddell, Most Eccentric of Twisters
This is the forty-second anniversary of the birth of the late Rube Waddell, one of the greatest pitchers of his time, but the most eccentric player who ever wore a uniform. Despite the fact that he had a pitching arm that was worth a million dollars he had the heart and mind of a child, and this endeared him to the fans, who will always retain a soft spot in their hearts for him. The story of his life would make a mighty interesting volume, for life with Rube was just one thing after another. He held fourteen jobs during his seventeen years in professional baseball. He broke into the big show with the Louisville Nationals, but his only term was with the Athletics.

Connie Mack has a number of gray hairs as mementos of his many attempts to make him a king of the baseball world. He has been drawn up by J. C. Chambers. The Marquis became an enthusiastic proponent of the code designed to rescue boxing from the disaster which it had fallen under the London prize ring rule and to eliminate its more brutal features, and soon all fighters and fans on both sides of the Atlantic were calling the new regulations the "Marquis rule." The present Marquis has written much about boxing and boxers in the press of both America and England.

Anniversary of Birth of the Ninth Marquis of Queensbury
The ninth Marquis of Queensbury was born Oct. 12, 1846. He was internationally famous as a writer on pugilism. His father, the eighth Marquis, was also a great patron of the boxing game, and his name is inseparably connected with the code which now governs boxing contests. The Marquis of Queensbury rule, which was drawn up by J. C. Chambers. The Marquis became an enthusiastic proponent of the code designed to rescue boxing from the disaster which it had fallen under the London prize ring rule and to eliminate its more brutal features, and soon all fighters and fans on both sides of the Atlantic were calling the new regulations the "Marquis rule." The present Marquis has written much about boxing and boxers in the press of both America and England.

NEW THROWING RECORD
NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—A new throwing record of 434 inches was thrown by the 16-pound weight in an unlimited run and follow-up by Matt McGrath at the first outdoor game of the New York A.C. today. The best previous record of 43 feet, two inches, was made by John A. Tianshan, in 1904.

GOTCH SERIOUSLY ILL
CHICAGO, Oct. 12.—Frank Gotch, four years' world champion wrestler, is seriously ill in the city club, accompanied by Mrs. Gotch, arrived yesterday from their home at Hamlet, N.Y., on their way to the Shrine for a vacation.

He became suddenly ill and went to a Chicago hospital for treatment. A few hours later physicians said that on the surface Gotch was getting better, but that a more thorough diagnosis will be made.

TO HOLD PLAYERS
OTTAWA, Oct. 12.—The majority of the Ottawa hockey club's players received today their blank contracts, the acknowledged fact being that the club has no intention of holding any players. The club has no intention of holding any players.

Fourth race, six furlongs—Naturalist won. Tom McQuinn second, Hesse third. Time, 1:14.5.

Fifth race, one mile and a sixteenth—Bagle won, Bally Lynch second, Christie third. Time, 1:19.4.

Sixth race, one mile and a sixteenth—Burlgar won, Silver Sandals second, Hesse third. Time, 2:01.5.

Seventh race, one mile and a sixteenth—Burlgar won, Silver Sandals second, Hesse third. Time, 2:01.5.

Eighth race, one mile and a sixteenth—Burlgar won, Silver Sandals second, Hesse third. Time, 2:01.5.

Ninth race, one mile and a sixteenth—Burlgar won, Silver Sandals second, Hesse third. Time, 2:01.5.

Tenth race, one mile and a sixteenth—Burlgar won, Silver Sandals second, Hesse third. Time, 2:01.5.

Eleventh race, one mile and a sixteenth—Burlgar won, Silver Sandals second, Hesse third. Time, 2:01.5.

Twelfth race, one mile and a sixteenth—Burlgar won, Silver Sandals second, Hesse third. Time, 2:01.5.

Thirteenth race, one mile and a sixteenth—Burlgar won, Silver Sandals second, Hesse third. Time, 2:01.5.

Fourteenth race, one mile and a sixteenth—Burlgar won, Silver Sandals second, Hesse third. Time, 2:01.5.

Fifteenth race, one mile and a sixteenth—Burlgar won, Silver Sandals second, Hesse third. Time, 2:01.5.

Sixteenth race, one mile and a sixteenth—Burlgar won, Silver Sandals second, Hesse third. Time, 2:01.5.

Seventeenth race, one mile and a sixteenth—Burlgar won, Silver Sandals second, Hesse third. Time, 2:01.5.

Eighteenth race, one mile and a sixteenth—Burlgar won, Silver Sandals second, Hesse third. Time, 2:01.5.

ASK FOR A
RESO
HAT
UNPAVED.
FROM
ALL FIRST CLASS HATTERS—AND FASHION
WANTS RECEIVER
FOR 3 LEAGUES
Mike Gibbons
TOO STRONG
FOR MANTELL
Mordell Brown Brings Suit
Federal Court to Recover
Money
ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 12.—Mike Gibbons proved too strong for Frank Mantell, of Dayton, Ohio, and won a technical knockout when Mantell was knocked out in the third round to prevent further punishment. Gibbons was the way and at no time did Mantell have a chance. Gibbons was the way and at no time did Mantell have a chance. Gibbons was the way and at no time did Mantell have a chance.

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Noblemen
Have you
Smoked one lately?

Big Game Hunters' Supplies !!
Our new Fall Catalogue No. 64 listing all Hunters' and Trappers' Supplies may be had on application.
The Hingston Smith Arms Co., Ltd.
WINNIPEG AND EDMONTON.
Edmonton Branch: 10142 101st Street, Phone 2333.

Wolffhausen
MADE IN CANADA
HATS
ALWAYS IN THE SPOTLIGHT
IN EVERY GOOD STORE, SHOWN IN ALL OF THE POPULAR THEATRES
NEI
\$5.00
ask to see
Wolffhausen
the Supreme hat

COMMERCIAL
HIGH GIRLS
IN THE LEAD

At Conclusion First Week's Play in Basketball League; Victoria Stars Next

The conclusion of the first week's play in the High School Girls' Basketball League is a triumph for the Commercial High girls. They have won all four of their games, and are in the lead.

On Thursday night, the Victoria Crescents played the Commercial High girls. The Commercial girls won by a score of 18 to 12.

On Friday night, the Victoria Crescents played the Commercial High girls. The Commercial girls won by a score of 18 to 12.

On Saturday night, the Victoria Crescents played the Commercial High girls. The Commercial girls won by a score of 18 to 12.

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The Idea Car for All Seasons
WINTER cold and drifting snow do not mar the comfort of motoring in a Ford Sedan, the car that completely protects you from every weather at all times.
High winds cannot blow you "to pieces". Irritating dust and rain can be entirely shut out, while on warm, pleasant days the windows may be lowered, so that the air circulates freely.
The Ford Sedan is a dignified business and family car. It gives the motorist the utmost protection and comfort. Simply to ride in it, is to want it.
Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR
F. O. B. FORD, ONT.
EDMONTON URBAN DEALERS
THE FREEMAN CO., Ltd., 10710 99th Street
LINES-BRAKE Ltd., 10027 102nd Street

An Income for Life—Our Free Christmas Gift

For the Latest Best Fiction
For the Latest Reprints
For Stationery
For Kodaks
AND
Supplies

ALL ROADS
LEAD TOALL ROADS
LEAD TO

The Douglas Co. Ltd.

10032 Jasper

Have our receipts, and cost your estimates for the \$2,250 Free Bungalow.

HAVE YOUR CLOTHES "MADE FOR YOU—NOT MERELY SOLD TO YOU."

LA FLECHE BROS.

Western Canada's Greatest Customs Tailoring House



DINING ROOM SUITES

Jacbeau Dining Room Suites, special for Saturday. Complete with Buffet, of solid oak, in fumed finish, medium size, long drawer, cupboard sections and two small drawers; six chairs, upholstered in leather; round top pedestal table, 6 ft. extension. Complete suite in solid oak. Regular Price \$95; Saturday Special **\$81**

GRAHAM & REID

HOME FURNISHERS.



Diamond Solitaires \$25.00 Upward

In Selected Stones, Set in Gold or Platinum Settings. SELECT YOURS NOW.

ASH BROTHERS

Jewellers. Diamond Merchants. C.P.F. Watch Inspectors. Issuers of Marriage Licenses.

BUY GOOD LAMPS



MAZDA Sunbeam Quality

They are made better, last longer and will be replaced by us if defective. A dollar's worth gives you a chance to win the Prize House and a Baroka Vacuum Cleaner Free.

Burnham-Frith Electric Co. Ltd.

10170 100th St.

Phone 6135, Edmonton

Alberta Coal Has Value In Every Ounce

Don't be caught short of coal! Let us fill your cellar for you.

Remember, our receipts are worth one estimate for every dollar you pay.

Use your phone and let us have your order.

PHONE 6355

The Great Northern Coal

Co., Ltd.
EDMONTON

THE PRIZE WILL IN NO EVENT BE AWARDED TO AN EMPLOYEE OR DEPENDENT OF EMPLOYEE OF THE BULLETIN CO., LTD.



THE PRIZE WILL IN NO EVENT BE AWARDED TO AN EMPLOYEE OR DEPENDENT OF EMPLOYEE OF THE BULLETIN CO., LTD.

Free Title to this \$2,250 Bungalow will be the Christmas Gift to one of our readers.

It Will Not Cost the Winner a Cent - Read How To Get It

ON December 24th a FREE Gift will be made of the clear title deeds to this beautiful five room bungalow located at 12510 100th Ave., City, to some patron of the stores advertising on these Special Pages. The conditions are very simple—Buy your goods from the stores whose advertisements appear on these two special pages—save your bills, and for every \$1.00 spent you will be entitled to one guess on the number of grains of seed wheat in the container we will place in full view in the front window of The Bulletin Office—On Dec. 24th a committee of Judges, who will be named later, will make a public count of the number of grains of seed wheat in the container and the person guessing the correct number, or the one whose guess is nearest correct, will be awarded this beautiful bungalow without payment of one cent of money. These therefore are the ONLY conditions: FIRST: Patronize the stores advertising on these pages; SECOND: Bring your bills to The Bulletin Office and register your guess on the number of grains of seed wheat in the container.

The name Humberstone has, since the time Edmonton was Fort Edmonton, stood for high grade coal. It occupies the same position among coals that No. 1 Northern does in the wheat market.

HUMBERSTONE QUALITY IS UNCHALLENGED
HUMBERSTONE SERVICE IS UNMATCHED

Prices consistent with quality and service. Remember, you get full value in fuel for every dollar you spend and an opportunity to win the \$2,250 bungalow.

HUMBERSTONE COAL CO.

Phones 2248, 1492, 2258

9981 Jasper Ave.

THE HANDIEST PIECE OF FURNITURE MADE

A HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINET

SOLD ON EASY PAYMENTS.
HOOSIER STORE

10024 H. A. WOOD 101A Ave.

—A chance to win the \$2,250 prize bungalow with every dollar payment.

PURE MILK CREAM BUTTER & CHEESE

FROM THE

WOODLAND DAIRY

Every dollar's worth of milk ticks to make a chance of winning the \$2,250 free bungalow.



TRY IT



People who have used R. & S. POWDER say that it is the most powerful and effective remedy for rheumatism and stomach trouble.

This testimony is for you and your wife. We were both laid up with rheumatism. My wife was worse than I was as she had rheumatism for years in her arms, hands, legs and feet. I was a very poor man and my wife was a very poor woman, and we didn't want any doubts in the minds of our friends of this fact that we are completely cured.

I have much pleasure in recommending R. & S. POWDER. Was greatly troubled with rheumatism and stomach trouble. After using three boxes I find myself completely cured, and am only too glad to tell the friends of this fact that we are completely cured.

Dear Sirs:—I am writing you to tell you that I am cured of my rheumatism. I used one box of R. & S. POWDER. I gained fifteen pounds in three months and now feel perfectly healthy. With best regards,
HUBERT A. FULMER,
Calgary, Alberta.

R & S POWDER

May be obtained at all dealers or sent direct by R. & S. Co.

Edmonton dealers can obtain it at the following Wholesale Ltd. Branches:

ANYONE CAN PLAY A STELLA PIANO MANOLETTE

The 20th Century Music Wonder—giving four distinct effects: Piano, Harp, Guitar, and Mandolin. The Retail price in music stores in Canada is \$25.00 and music 10c per sheet extra.

For the next 10 days we will supply one of these instruments and 195 sheets of music for **\$12.75**SPECIAL SNAP—One Smith & Barnes Player Piano... \$295.00
mahogany case; slightly used, regular \$750.00, cash price...

EVERY DOLLAR SPENT HERE GIVES YOU AN ESTIMATE FREE

The Masters Piano Co., 10524, Jasper Avenue

ARE YOU LUCKY?

IT WAS OUR CUSTOMER WHO WON THE BIG PRIZE LAST YEAR

IT COSTS NO MORE TO BUY

KING COAL

With Mahar Coal Co. Service.

PHONE 1066

Or call and see us at our New office in the Rossum Building.

MAHAR COAL CO'Y.

Edmonton's Leading Coal Merchants

Office: Rossum Bldg., Jasper and 102nd St. Phone 4445.

Yards: 100th Street and 104th Avenue

Closing Out Our Entire Shoe Stock—Yes, a Slater Invictus, \$6.95

Our men's wear in every line is the best procurable. See us first.

We give \$50 worth of merchandise to our customer who guesses the correct or nearest correct number in the Bulletin contest.

ESSERY & CO.

THE MEN'S STORE

10073 Jasper Avenue.

Phone 5495

FURNITURE

FOR VALUES IN FURNITURE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION WE INVITE YOUR PATRONAGE—WATCH THIS SPACE FOR OUR SPECIAL OFFERS EACH WEEK.

Hutton Furniture & Upholstering Company

10020 JASPER

"Estimates on the \$2,250 free bungalow offer with every receipt for furniture, upholstery or carpet cleaning."

THE SEASON'S LATEST FASHIONS IN

FUR NECESSITIES

Our stock contains many charming designs in Furs and Fur Coats, in styles that will dominate this coming season. We would advise an early selection before the cold weather.

WE ALSO SPECIALIZE IN

Furs Made to Order and Furs Remodeled By Well Experienced Workmen.

Alexander - Hilpert Fur Co. Ltd.

10827 Jasper Ave., between 108th St. and 109th St. Scotts Bldg.

Phone 4004

Every dollar spent here gives you a chance to win this beautiful Free Home.

'The Hit of the Season'

And the Kiddies Make a Home Run For

Chas. W. Campbell's

THE BETTER BREAD BAKER.

B-R-E-A-D

Wrapped Clean Delivered Clean

Sold Clean

Phone 1444

Phone 1444

Every \$1.00 worth of Bread Tickets gives you a chance to own the \$2,250 Bungalow.

An Income For Life—Our Free Christmas Gift

LUXURIOUS FURS



FUR COATS and FUR SETS

All of the High-Grade Furs Only
MODERATELY PRICED

MILLINERY

NEW STYLES IN HATS
ARRIVING DAILY

FORBES-TAYLOR CO.

10514-18 Jasper W.

EVERYONE who watched this space, as advised, will be pleased to know that

Walter W. Hutton

of The Sun Life Assurance Co.

has this space to use for a series of "Insurance Talks."

Home Electric Light & Power Co.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR

DELCO LIGHT PRODUCTS

Send us a Copy of Your Plans and Let us Estimate on Your Wiring Job.

Ask for Illustrated Catalogue of

DELCO LIGHT

ELECTRICITY FOR EVERYONE, EVERYWHERE. Edmonton, Alta.

DON'T Let the Cold Weather Catch You Unprepared

Be in time and purchase one of our splendid, cozy, warm overcoats.

The selection now is large. Select your own style, and leave the rest to us.

BE A TAILORED MAN. The price is very little higher than the ready-made product, and you get absolute satisfaction.

Full Suitings in Great Variety, at Right Prices, and a HOUSE FOR NOTHING, AT

Robinson Tailoring Co.

BULBS! BULBS!

PAPER WHITE NARCISSUS FROM FRANCE

We have an abundant supply. Per dozen 50c

HYACINTHS, TULIPS, DAFFODILS

Now on the way from Holland. Expected any day. Leave your orders, and secure lowest prices. Urging to scarcity, prices likely to advance.

Walter Ramsay, Limited

10216 Jasper Ave., or

FLORISTS.

'Phone 52444.



OUR SPECIAL Ladies Wrist Watch

This is a 12 guaranteed watch in fine quality gold filled case with gold filled bracelet. \$13.75

D. A. KIRKLAND
THE QUALITY JEWELER.

Boys' Suit. Special!

Any suit in our boy's department, 20 per cent off.

Boy's Jersey Suits, English make, color, red, brown and maroon. Sizes 2 to 6 years. \$2.25

MARTIN'S

Phone 2031 The Corner Namayo & Jasper

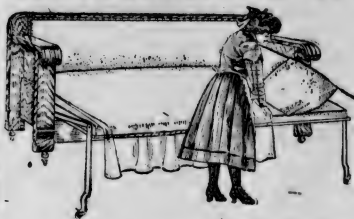
Let the boy try for the "Free House."



THE above is a cut of the container which has been placed in full view in the windows of the Bulletin office. The letters forming the word "BULLETIN" are made of metal, open faced and covered with glass—they are approximately 6 1/2 inches long, 1 inch wide and 1 1/2 inch deep, and are filled with Northern Alberta wheat.

One estimate is allowed with every dollar purchase from any of the merchants advertising on these pages. Bring your receipt to The Bulletin office and receive your ballots.

DIVANETTES AND DAVENPORTS



An attractive davenport during the day, a comfortable bed at night. We have a splendid line of these useful pieces of furniture.

Solid Oak, fumed finish, upholstered in Leatherette. Price \$52.50

Solid Oak, fumed finish, upholstered in Tapestry \$55.25

Solid Oak, fumed finish, upholstered in Leather \$60.75

Solid Oak, fumed finish, upholstered in Tapestry \$70.50

Sliding Couches from \$14 up

A SATURDAY SALE OF TUNGSTEN LAMPS.

25 and 40 Watts. 35c each

60 Watts. 45c each

Blowey-Henry Company

"Let's Get Acquainted" ROSSUM'S "THE FOME OF HOME." MADE CANDY"

Edmonton's newest and most popular Candy Shop and Ice Cream Parlor.
Finest Fruits Obtained Fresh Daily

ROSSUM'S Fruits and Confectionery. Corner Jasper and 2nd St.



Hill's Cold Breakers
A chocolate coated laxative treatment for colds, la grippe, etc. Easy to take. Buses a cold in a few hours. Convenient to carry.
Price, per box 25c

Cheerful Cough Cure
A pleasant healing syrup, which relieves a cough instantly. Contains white pine, wild cherry, squilla, tar, eucalyptus, etc.
25c and 50c

Hill's Liver Pills
A safe, active, small vegetable pill which acts gently on the bowels, liver, and stomach. Does not grip but keeps the bowels active and in a healthy condition.
Price, per package 25c



Ask us what our offer is. Have you been to the Majesty Theatre lately? If not, why not! Our programs will always please you.

IF YOU BURN

PEMBINA PEERLESS COAL

YOU MAY WIN THE HOUSE AND LOT; IN ANY EVENT YOU KNOW YOU ARE USING THE BEST COAL YOU CAN BUY.

Western Transfer & Storage Ltd.

Phones 5216 and 1631

Your Winter Overcoat

Should Be a Matter of Consideration NOW!

SEE US ABOUT IT AND INSURE SATISFACTION

The House of Hobberlin Ltd.

STAND BACK OF ALL THEIR GARMENTS

Suits or Overcoats

Made to Measure or Ready Made \$25.00 and up

The House of Hobberlin Ltd.

A. G. CALDER, Mgr. 10173 101st St.
Remember: You Get a Chance to Win the \$2,250 Free Bungalow With Every Dollar You Spend Here.



THE 'BABY GRAND'

is the car that made famous the name "Chevrolet" in the United States. This being the case it must be an unusual car at the price. It is, and we will be only too pleased to show you if you will only give us the opportunity. Remember, you get 1,325 guesses with a Baby Grand.

PHONE US.

Nor' West Motors Ltd.

10130 114th St.,

'Phone 82008

FURS

MADE FROM THE RAW SKINS IN OUR OWN WORK ROOMS.

TRUDEL-Made Furs Have a Distinctive Personality Which Betrays the Hand of an Artist.

Visit Our Factory and Show Rooms. Our Work is its Own Recommendation.

L. TRUDEL

Buyers and Manufacturers of Raw Furs.

Our Receipts Give Our Customers an Opportunity of Winning the \$2,250 Free Bungalow.

WOOD, COAL AND OIL HEATERS

Now is the time to get one of these heaters while our stock is complete.

Oil Heaters\$4.50	\$5.00	\$8.50
Wood Heaters2.75	3.50	4.25
Coal Heaters10.50	13.00	and up

We also carry a complete line of Fire Place Grates, Fenders, Spark Guards and Fire Sets. We have these in black iron and brass.

A few mantles at wholesale prices.

Sommerville Hardware Co. Ltd.

Phone 6889.

YOU MAKE
NO MISTAKE
WHEN YOU ORDER

BLACK DIAMOND COAL

You get full value with every dollar's worth, and an estimate on the \$2,250 Free Bungalow Contest.



PHONE 2424
10626 101-A Avenue
Phone 4736

COMMUNITY SILVER

For the Table

In the Three Best Patterns, Adam, Patrician and Sheraton Designs

For excellence of finish and durability it is next to solid sterling silver.

We have the most complete stock and our prices are the same as in Eastern Canada or American cities.

We Initial Each Piece Free.

JACKSON BROTHERS

Leading Jewelers and Diamond Merchants.

9925 JASPER AVE.

'PHONE 1747.

Marriage Licenses Issued.

THE OPAL!

October's Birthstone
Of all the opaque minerals it reveals the most beautiful play of colors, a mingling of green, blue and red.
Birthday Rings \$5.00
ASH BROS.
Jewellers — Diamond Merchants
C.P.R. Watch Inspectors.

FARMERS

**You Will Save Money
By Getting Our
Prices on
LUMBER**

before placing your orders elsewhere. We are quoting special prices to Farmers and Settlers for car lots — also on small shipments—We ship daily to all points in this District by Local Freight—Call at our Yards or write us for our Special Prices on Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Hoofing, Sash, Doors, all building materials.

D. R. FRASER & CO.
LIMITED.
Phone 1630. Edmonton.
201 Namayo Avenue.

**McGEORGE, CHAUVIN &
TOWNSHEND, LTD.
INSURANCE BROKERS**

Ground Floor, McLeod Bldg.
'Phone 9278.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

JACKSON BROTHERS
Leading Jewelers
231 Jasper Avenue East

DAWSON COAL
'Phones 1780 and 2244

Lumberstone Coal

Phone 2248

ALBERTA COAL

Great Northern Coal Co., Ltd.
Phone 6355

QUALITY CATALOGUE
PRINTING
SDALE PRESS
EDMONTON.
CARL JASPER & SONS, PRINTER 6352

SUPERIOR DAIRY SERVICE
Phone 9264, 9267, 9861
ICD

The Weather

FORECAST.

Saskatchewan and Alberta—Generally fair today and on Saturday with higher temperature.

Manitoba—Generally fair today and on

[illegible]

try	50	90
weed	67	41
alison	41	15
leford	44	32
bridge	04	44
na	27	14
administer	40	30
eville	51	41
ndon	05	9
alpcg	34	18

After Childbirth

The depression and nerve fatigue suffered by women blots out interest in everything.

You need

Asaya-Neurall

THE NEW REMEDY FOR
Nervous Exhaustion

which contains Lecithin (con-
centrated from eggs), the com-

of phosphorus required for nerve repair.

Large bottles. 25 days' treatment, \$1.25.
(FIVE CENTS PER DAY.)

Edmonton Pharmacy	Mooney Drug Co's
Newwood Pharmacy	E. M. Carpenter
Geo. S. Armstrong	Duncan Drug Co's

David & Lawrence Co., Sole U.S. Agents,
Write them for Free Book on
Nerve Rehabilitation.

Writes Second Letter

Dear Uncle Tom.—This is my second letter to your interesting club. I was pleased to see my letter in print and thought I would write again. I have not received my badge yet, but hope to receive it soon. One of the members asked for the words of the song "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen." Here they are:

I'll take you home again, Kathleen,
Across the ocean wild and wide,
To where your heart has ever been,
Since first you were my bride.
The roses all have left your cheek,
I've watched them fade away and die;
Your voice is sad whenever you speak,
And tears bedim your loving eye.

CHORUS

Oh! I will take you back, Kathleen
To where your heart will feel no pain,
And when the fields are fresh and green,
I'll take you to your home again.

I know you love me, Kathleen dear,
Your heart was ever fond and true;
I always feel when you are near,
That life holds nothing dear but you.
The smiles that once you gave to me,
I scarcely ever see them now,
Tho' many, many times I see
A dark'ning shadow on your brow.

To that dear home beyond the sea,
My Kathleen shall again return,
And when thy old friends welcome thee
Thy loving heart will cease to yearn.
Where laughs the little silver stream
Beside your mother's humble cot,
And brightest rays of sunshine gleam
There all your grief will be forgot.

MARTHA ZENA.

Gainsford, Oct. 4.

Thank you for the song, Martha. Uncle Tom is sending you a badge.

LIKES TO WRITE TO UNCLE TOM.

Dear Uncle Tom: I thought I would write to you again. I have not much time to write, but I like to write to Uncle Tom. I am going to school still and like my teacher fine. School will be out in another four weeks. Our teacher is going into town for Thanksgiving day. We are having fine weather these days.

OLLIE GARRETT.

Dusseldorf, Oct. 4.
P.S.—Would someone please send me the words of "Where the River Shannon Flows" as I have been wanting them for some time.

Uncle Tom printed the verses of "Where the River Shannon Flows" a few weeks ago and is sorry that he cannot print them again as a result of lack of space.

BROTHER COMING HOME.

Dear Uncle Tom: As I haven't written to you for two months I have decided to write to you now. The weather is fine these days and I hope it continues. The farmers around here are stacking and some are threshing. We are looking for our brother home from the hospital. I am still going to school, but we are pretty busy these days. Everybody is starting to dig potatoes now. There are many people around here that have cars. We have one and of course it is a Ford. We have lots of fun these days. Well, I think I shall close now with a few riddles and a song that someone was asking for. No more goes.

I have legs but seldom walk.
I back bite all but never talk.

Ans.—A flea.

Uncle Tom thanks you for the verses you enclosed, Ethel. "Break the News to Mother" was printed a short time ago.

HAS TEN RATS.

Dear Uncle Tom: I don't believe I have written a letter for some time, so I thought I would write a letter tonight when I have finished my homework. I have ten little white rats. They are my only pets. I did have a nice black and white cat but he ran away and lost himself. I like to read the Uncle Wiggly stories and read them to my little sister and she thinks Uncle Wiggly is a pretty funny old rabbit.

SHIRLEY BILLINGTON.

Tofield, Oct. 4.

TOO BUSY TO WRITE.

Dear Uncle Tom.—I am really ashamed of myself for not writing sooner, but I've been so busy I didn't find time to write. I received my badge and like it very much. Today is Sunday. It is the only spare time I have to write. We are busy stacking our grain. We will have the threshers soon. School will open on the first of next month. We won't be able to go. It is a man teacher this time. His name is Mr. Skiles. Well I will close now.

CLARA CECILIA GUENETTE
Devil's Lake, Sept. 30.

GESE ARE SCARED.

Dear Uncle Tom: I am going to write you a long letter. We have pretty nearly all the stacking done. We have the potatoes all dug. We finished today. There are a lot of whoppers. I laid them pretty nearly all aside so as to roast them in the winter when it is so cold. We are going to start digging the garden vegetables this week. We have had about thirty ducks and one goose. There are a great many ducks this year. The geese are very scared and you can't get close enough to shoot them. We expect the threshers soon. I had fine fun picking cranberries. We got 88 pounds. I think that will last us all winter. We put forty-seven sacks of potatoes in the cellar.

STELLA BECKER.

High Prairie, Oct. 2.

Likes to Write to Club.

Dear Uncle Tom.—This is my second letter to you. I got my badge and I like it very much. I have worn it every day since I got it. I milk one cow every morning and night. I like to write to this club very much.

LAURA OLESEN

Daysland, Oct. 3.

Grandfather's Birthday

Dear Uncle Tom.—This is my second letter to the club. I have not yet received my badge. I am in the third grade at school. I like my teacher very much. My brother is three years old today. This is my grandfather's birthday also. He is seventy-five years old. I hope that I shall receive my badge soon.

MARGARET A. MILES.

Lloydminster, Oct. 2.

Uncle Tom is mailing your badge, Margaret.

Coyotes Kill Chickens

Dear Uncle Tom.—I was sorry I did not send my address, but I am sending it now. Everybody is busy stacking. My father just started yesterday. The coyotes are taking a lot of our chickens.

LAURA BARTANNT

St. Albert, Sept. 29.

Plays Many Games

Dear Uncle Tom.—It seems a long time since I have written. My father has his harvest all done. We expect to thresh in about a week. I am going to school every day. We have ten scholars going to school. We play football, hide-and-go-seek, tag, and one-base-deer. Well this is all so I will try and write more next time. I enjoy the short stories and letters very much.

GRACE STINSON

Lacey, Sept. 28.

LIKES CHILDREN'S SECTION.

Dear Uncle Tom: I received my badge about a month ago. I hope I shall not lose this one. I think the badge is very nice. I wear it nearly every day. I like the new section very much. I think it is quite an idea. I have quite a few of them saved up. When I get a nice stack I am going to make a book out of them.

We have all our wheat and oats cut. We are threshing. We expect to be done tomorrow.

MIRIAM THREADGOULD.

Islay, Sept. 28.

New Member Joins

Dear Uncle Tom.—I would like to be a member of the Aladdin club and would like to get a badge. I am four years old.

LILY JORDAN.

Fawn Lake, Oct. 4.

Has Little Pony

Dear Uncle Tom.—I am sending in that slip which I saw in the Bulletin. I live at Everts, Alta. I live three and one-half miles southwest and one mile south. I go to school and I am in Grade VII. My mother and my cousin are going out picking blueberries this afternoon. We have about seventy-five quarts of blueberries and about fifty quarts of other berries. I have a little pony. It has three white feet and a star on its forehead. I call him Johnny, and he is so tame that I can catch him anywhere.

CHARLES RAY.

Everts, Oct. 5.

Shot Thirty-five Ducks

Dear Uncle Tom.—This is my first letter to you and I hope to see it in print before long. My father and I went out shooting and got thirty-five ducks. They were all mallards. I hope to have my badge before long.

WILLIAM APPLEBY.

Milks Six Cows

Dear Uncle Tom.—This is my first letter to your club. I have been reading the letters in The Bulletin for a long time, and I like them very well. I shall be eleven years of age on Feb. 13, 1917. I received my badge and I like it very much. We have two little kittens and when we go to milk they are sure to follow us. We milk six cows. I milk two of them. We also have two calves. I have one sister. Her name is Sylvia. She will be four years of age on December 13, 1917. I send me the words of the song "Just Before the Battle Mother!"

GLADYS JOHNSON.

Lea Park, Oct. 2.

P.S.—I am sending Helen K. Fish the words of "Darling Nelly Gray."

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore
Where I've whiled many happy hours away
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door,
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

CHORUS

O my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away
And I'll never see my darling any more.

I am sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the Old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountains and the stars were shining too,
I'd take my darling Nelly Gray
And we'd float down the river in a little red canoe,
While my banjo so sweetly I would play.

One night I went to see her, she had gone to the neighbors say;
The white man has bound thee with his chain.
They have taken her to Georgia there to wear her life away,
As she tells in the cotton and the cane.

My canoe is under water and my banjo is unstrung;
I'm tired of living any more.
My eyes they shall look downwards, and my song shall be unsung,
While I stay on the Old Kentucky shore.

My eyes are getting blinder and I cannot see my way;
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door.

O! I hear the angels calling, I can see my Nelly Gray,
Farewell to the Old Kentucky shore.

O my darling Nelly Gray up in Heaven there they say
They shall never take you from me any more.
I am coming, coming, coming as the angels clear the way
Farewell to the Old Kentucky shore.

LETTERS TO UNCLE TOM

COLT WAS CHOKED.

Dear Uncle Tom: We had a little colt that got choked in its mother's rope. It's mother was tied with a rope. The colt got tangled up in the rope and choked.

My birthday was on Friday. We are going to thresh next week. We have finished cutting the grain quite a while.

HELEN POMEROY,

Good Hope, Sept. 20.

TWO MILES FROM SCHOOL.

Dear Uncle Tom: I would like to join the Aladdin Club. I am ten years old and have been going to school only one year. I have two miles to go to school. I would be pleased if you would send me a badge.

EVA LEONARD,

St. Paul de Metis, Sept. 27.

LIKES PUZZLES.

Dear Uncle Tom: School has started again. I am in grade eight. I like my teachers very much. Their names are Miss McAllister and Mr. Browdie. We have each one for half a day. I like the Uncle Wiggly stories very much, also the letters written by the members. I like to make out the puzzles that are in the paper on Saturday. They are very puzzling. I get them all mixed up and have a dreadful time putting them together. Sometimes I succeed and sometimes I do not. I received my badge and I like it very much. I wear it always and I try to keep up with the motto.

GERALDINE FIELDHOUSE.

Wainwright, Sept. 23.

ALADDIN CLUB

Edited by Uncle Tom for
Boys and Girls

To Uncle Tom
Care The Bulletin,
Edmonton.

Please enroll me as a member of your Aladdin Club, and also send me a badge free of charge.

I am—years of age. My birthday is on the.....day of

.....191.....

My father's full name is

Our post office address is

I promise to write at least one letter a month to the club, to wear the badge at all times, and to do all I can to promote the objects of the club.

Signed (full name)

Cut this out, fill in the information and sign your name, and forward to The Bulletin Office, Edmonton, as soon as possible.

BUSY STACKING GRAIN.

Dear Uncle Tom: This is my first letter to your club. I hope to receive a badge in a short time. My papa is busy stacking grain. He is nearly done. We are having nice weather now. We haven't any school here now. Our teacher went away. I am in VI. grade. I hope to see my letter in print. My letter is quite long, so I guess I will close. Hoping the club every success.

VERA MCGINN.

Tomahawk, Oct. 1.

FOOTBALL AT SCHOOL.

Dear Uncle Tom: I received my badge and was very glad to get it. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Gale and I like her. We have a football at school and we play with it every day.

LENA SPADY.

Castor, Sept. 17.

GUM FOR SOLDIERS.

Dear Uncle Tom: This is my second letter to your club. I received my badge and like it very much. As soon as I fill out the blank I will forward it to you. My sister and I have been saving a gum box to send to our uncle in France. I read the stories in the Bulletin every week and like them very much.

PATRICIA FIELDHOUSE.

Wainwright, Sept. 28.

VISITED WINNIPEG.

Dear Uncle Tom: We have started school again. We have one-half of a mile to walk for our milk, but it is good exercise. I read the "Boy Electrician." It is a good book. It is very interesting and tells how to make a good many things as electric magnets, telegraphs, telephones, wireless telegraph, motors, etc. I have done a few of the experiments but as there is no electrical supply house for a long way I have not done many yet. I have got a catalog though. I had a nice trip to Winnipeg a month and one-half ago. We saw the real Fort Garry. We had a canoe trip on the river. We went through St. Boniface and saw the monastery. I had a touch of bronchitis last week but am better again. It has been quite cool lately around here.

LEONARD P. ALBERTANNON.

Chaurin, Oct. 2nd.

MOVE TO INNISFREE.

Dear Uncle Tom: It has been a month since I have written and I think it time to write again. We are going to move to Innisfree at the end of this week and wish the end of this week would never come because I like living out here better. Our school starts September 4th and it will be the 4th of October before I get back to Innisfree. We are all through haying. My father and brother were going to have the grain threshed today but it rained and they couldn't. I like to read the boys' and girls' sections and look for them every Saturday.

CLARA C. POWELL.

Innisfree, Oct. 1.

RIDE HORSEBACK.

Dear Uncle Tom: I received my badge and like it very much. My sister Kathleen and I ride horseback. I saw my letter last night in the paper. Thank you for printing it. I wore the badge when I got it. It looks very pretty. I was glad to get it. We have a cat and dog. The dog's name is Rover and the cat is called Baby. Our horse is called Frank. We have a new postmaster in Fawn Lake. I guess there will be a school in our district as the nearest school is at High Ridge.

MICHAEL JORDAN.

Fawn Lake, Oct. 1.

PLAYHOUSES AT SCHOOL.

Dear Uncle Tom: I got my button last Wednesday and was very glad to get it. I go to school every day. We have playhouses at school.

Ponoka, Oct. 4.

IRMA LEWIS.

RIDE PONY TO SCHOOL.

Dear Uncle Tom: I received my button last Wednesday and thank you for it. My sister and I ride horseback to school. Our pony's name is Fannie. She is almost black.

NONA LEWIS.

Ponoka, Oct. 4.

MILK FOUR COWS.

Dear Uncle Tom: This is my fourth letter to your club. We have nineteen cows that milk. I milk four cows. We have two big dogs and four little dogs. I have a calf and a kitten. We have four cats. I am going to school.

IDA HOLMBERG.

Viking, Sept. 30.

LIKE'S CHILDREN'S SECTION.

Dear Uncle Tom: As I am not busy tonight I thought I would write. Our aunt is going to Edmonton this month or next month and I am going with her. I am going to see if some of the children around here will join your club. I hope they will. I like to read the Uncle Wiggly stories and the children's letters.

GERTRUDE STRACHOLA.

Killam, Oct. 5.

HAS SIX HORSES.

Dear Uncle Tom: This is my first letter to your club. I like the stories of Uncle Wiggly very much. I go to school pretty nearly every day. We have six horses. Their names are Prince, Maud, King, Queen, Ball, and Nell. We have twelve head of cattle. I hope to get a badge. I have never seen one.

ALICE H. ALKER.

Busby, Oct. 3.

LIKES WIGGLY TALES.

Dear Uncle Tom:—This is my second letter to your interesting club. I like to read the Uncle Wiggly stories very much. We have all our potatoes up now. Our sports are on Friday the 5th. The school colors are white and gold. I guess I should close now as it is bedtime.

EDWARD MEEHAN.

Edmonton, Oct. 3.

PICKING POTATOES ALL WEEK.

Dear Uncle Tom: Well it is time to write again to your club. This is my third letter. It will soon be my birthday. The time is certainly going fast. It will soon be the year of 1918. I have been picking potatoes all week with my sister and brother. I sure do hate that job. I am keeping the boys' and girls' paper. When I get a bunch I will fold them up and make a book. It is pretty windy today. My father is out threshing now. He has quite a bit to do yet.

MARY AGNES KOVAR.

Millet, Oct. 10.

DAYS GETTING SHORT.

Dear Uncle Tom: I am sorry for not writing before. I was too busy going to school and helping threshing. I shall write two letters this month because I did not write last month. The days are getting very short. It will soon be winter again. I like my badge very much, but one day when I was playing at school it fell on the ground. I picked it up but it was broken. I wish I could get it fixed again.

GREGORY STRACHOTA.

Killam, Oct. 3.

Uncle Tom is sending you another badge, Gregory.

Picking Blueberries

Dear Uncle Tom:—This is my first letter to your club. I am going to write about picking blueberries. Last summer we all went picking blueberries out north. We took a tent with us and slept in the tent. One night it rained and we were all wet in the morning. Mamma left her boots out side and in the morning they were full of water.

BUELAH McWEN.

Daugh, Oct. 2.



TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK I. SOLAR.

INSTRUCTOR, DEPT OF MANUAL TRAINING, PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DETROIT.



Every boy should learn very early in his life that it pays to be neat and orderly—that there should be places for all tools and materials and that these should be kept in their place.

The nail box will answer as a first step in cultivating this valuable habit. It is very annoying to have to sort through a mixture of odd nails, screws, etc., to find what you want. Each kind should be kept in a separate place so when you want a certain kind you can find it at once.

The box shown here is but a small one, but will answer the needs of the average boy. A larger box can easily be made if it is found desirable to do so. A similar box can be used for screws, and one will also be found very useful to mother for buttons, etc.—and right here, boys, think of your mother often and try to make for her things that will be useful and pleasing.

All the stock for this box is three-

eighths of an inch thick. From the drawing you will notice that you will need the following pieces—one bottom four inches wide and twelve inches long; two side pieces, each one and three-quarter inches wide and twelve inches long; two ends and two partitions, each one and three-quarter inches wide and three and one-quarter inches long, and one piece for the handle two and a half inches wide and six inches long. The first thing to do will be to get all these pieces exactly to the dimensions called for.

To make the handle the shape should be very carefully laid out. Measure one inch from each end along its length and from the corner three-quarters of an inch across its width. Connect these points and this line will show where the corner is to be cut off.

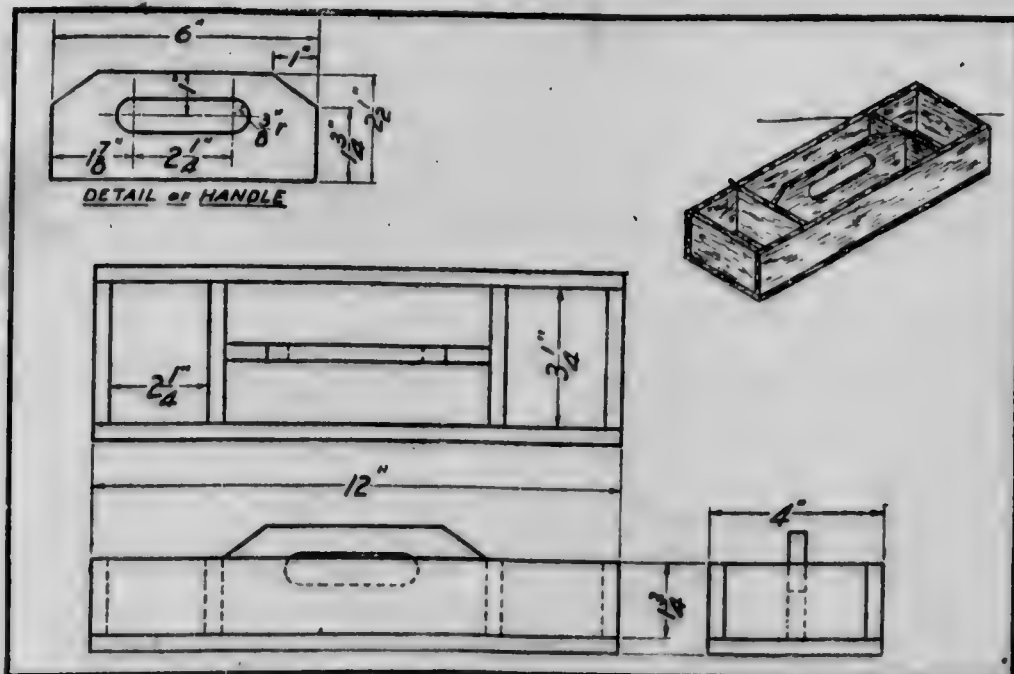
Next lay out very accurately the centres of the circles. Holes are to

be bored at these points with a three-quarter inch auger bit. Unless the piece is held with pressure across the grain while the holes are being bored, it is very likely to split. The piece may be held in a vise or by means of wedges. When the holes are bored, draw straight lines connecting the outsides of the holes and remove this material.

Before assembling the pieces, they should be carefully sandpapered. Do not sandpaper across the grain. Always go with the grain. In putting the pieces together, use one inch brads and see that they are driven in straight. Nail the inner partitions to the handle first, then place all three in position and nail from the side of the box into the partitions.

The box may be stained if desired. If you should make one for mother's use, stain the outside and shellac the inside.

NAIL BOX



Boys' and Girls' Section

The Edmonton Bulletin

EDMONTON ALBERTA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1917.

What Ethel Told the Birdie

Ethel was visiting her Grandma who lived in the suburbs of a large city. Ethel usually spent the week's end at this delightful home where she was free to roam about in the garden, and sun herself in the back yard where Grandma's favorite cat and dog were wont to nap. At the entrance to the garden, was a big gate with nice large posts where Ethel loved to sit and make believe she was on a tall tower. It was Friday, October the 12th, and a half holiday in school, hence our little girl arrived at the country home some hours earlier than usual. It took her little time to unpack her suitcase, and while Grandma was dozing over her knitting she ran down to the back garden and sought her favorite perch. On the opposite post sat a little robin, and Ethel began to talk to the feathery visitor.

"I say, Birdie, do you know what day this is?" and she waited for an answer.

"Peek, peek," answered Birdie, but that was not the correct answer so Ethel went on "I see that you don't know and I will have to tell you. It is Columbus Day, the day on which the great navigator discovered America."

"Peek, peek," said Birdie as Ethel paused, and he thought something was expected of him.

"You are a stupid Birdie, and I see I must explain it all to you. Now listen and then you can go home and tell it to your little birdies and they can sing it from the house-tops. Over 400 years ago there lived in Genoa—Genoa is in beautiful Italy—a young man who gave a great deal of thought to maps and charts and ships. By watching the ships on the sea he came to the conclusion that the earth was round, not flat, as everybody else thought at that time, and that by sailing westward far across the big Atlantic Ocean you would come to the great land of 'India'."

Ethel stopped to take breath and the bird said "Chirp"

"I know what your 'Chirp' means," said the child, "You want to know why Columbus didn't go right ahead and do it. Well you see, Birdie, he was a very poor Columbus, and it would take a great deal of money to fit out boats to take such a tremendous voyage. He went to the court at Spain and told them of his plans and thoughts, and the men and women laughed at his 'nonsense' as they called it. But after a while the Queen, Isabella, was her name, began to believe him and as her faith in him grew she proposed to lend him the money necessary for such an undertaking. She was a good queen and she even sold some of her wonderful jewels to gather enough money together for the voyage. She sent for Columbus and handing him the money she said:

"Here, go forth and discover new lands for me."

"It took some time, Birdie, for Columbus to get ready, for three boats, good and strong, had to be built and fitted out with men and food. Finally in 1492 he left Spain, and began his long passage across the ocean."

"To be sure it was a very dangerous voyage, and it took months and months, and the sailors lost courage and at one time wanted to kill their leader; but Columbus was a very brave and patient man and he just went ahead until one day he saw land. Now when he started out he wanted

to go to the Indies, and when he touched land he thought it was the Indies and he went back home and told the Queen."

Everybody in Spain was eager to know the man who had succeeded in making such a successful voyage, and there were parades, and feasts of welcome, and he was given grand titles and—I say, Birdie, don't you wish we could have been there to see it all?"

Ethel waited while Birdie hopped on one leg and gave the matter thought, but before he had the opportunity to answer Ethel was telling him—"And then Columbus wanted to



"You Are a Stupid Birdie, And I See I Must Explain It All To You."

THE HAPPY FAIRY'S SECRET

Little Jean had been so cross all day that her mother said she wished the Happy Fairy would come. Jean didn't want to go out to play with Fido; she didn't want to play with her doll or her new blocks; she didn't even want Aunt May to tell her a story. So Jean's mother sighed and remarked, "I wish the Happy Fairy would come."

Jean curled up in her father's big chair to think about the Happy Fairy, and before she knew it she was face to face with the Happy Fairy herself.

"How-do-you-do, little girl," smiled the Happy Fairy, who had popped right from the heart of a flaming rose which her mother had in a vase on the library table.

The fairy was a very wee person, but she looked so beautiful and queenly, nevertheless, that Jean felt a little bit shy.

But the Happy Fairy paid no attention to that, and went merrily about her business. She waved her magic wand so swiftly that it made little Jean feel quite dizzy and she

When she opened them she wasn't in her father's big chair at all, but in the cunningest dell you ever saw. She was sitting under a lovely, big oak tree, and all about were wild flowers and tall grasses, mysterious shadows and moonbeams. Jean had always heard that the very best time to see the fairies was on moonlight nights.

The Happy Fairy was tugging breathlessly at the petal of a flower that wouldn't come open.

"Can I help you?" asked Jean, in her best company voice.

But just as she spoke the petal flew open, and the Happy Fairy slipped daintily at the drop of dew she found there. Her wand flashed again and Jean heard the silver tinkle of a big, fat harebell, and to her astonishment another tiny fairy tripped forth. She had come from somewhere in the flower and slipped and slid from the edge of it to the ground.



And Perched Contentedly On Her Snowy Wrist.

"Bring me my mascot, please Teeny," said the Happy Fairy in such a sweet way that Jean wished the Happy Fairy had asked her to get the mascot; only she didn't know where it was kept.

Teeny pranced off and disappeared behind a big, brown mushroom. In a moment she came back carrying the Happy Fairy's mascot, a fairy butterfly, with quivering golden wings. As soon as it saw the Happy Fairy it flew straight to her and perched contentedly on her snowy wrist. Jean was so surprised that she gasped, where-

upon the butterfly shook itself gently, and flakes of gold fell from its wings. "Oh! Can't I hold it?" asked Jean excitedly of the Happy Fairy.

"He's too busy," said the Happy Fairy. "You see, he carries messages from me to all the fairies." And she whispered in his ear.

Straightway he flew off, and soon the woods were full of fairies. They tumbled joyously from the flowers mostly, and flirted outrageously with the dancing moonbeams. But Jean noticed that they were all busy, everyone; and they laughed and chatted together merrily.

"Where's Fairy Flit-about?" asked the Happy Fairy, suddenly.

"He's hiding!" said Teeny. But just then, as if to prove that Teeny was wrong, Fairy Flit-about, yawning, scrambled from the folds of a fallen oak leaf.

"You're late," said the Happy Fairy briskly.

Fairy Flit-about yawned again and said unhappily, "I haven't anything to do, and I feel all criss-cross."

The Happy Fairy laughed, "You've been thinking too much about yourself," she told him quickly. "When is it that people get cross, Fairies?" she called clearly.

"When they think too much about themselves," chorused the fairies.

"And what is the cure?" asked the Happy Fairy.

"Do something for somebody else!" shouted the laughing fairies.

A little glumly Fairy Flit-about picked up a fairy's filmy frock, which was made of fine cobwebs and sadly torn. She began to mend it, and Jean noticed in a second or two she was laughing gaily.

"How my little girl fallen sound asleep!" Jean heard her mother asking. She opened her eyes slowly, a smile on her face.

"Oh, mother, the Happy Fairy came!" she cried brightly.

Prince and Pauper Thanksgiving

Just one day in the year the small boys hold sway over the grown people in the streets of New York, with the supremacy of fairies who dictate to folks in their own gardens and then fly off to let them think it over.

Swarms of gaily-costumed little creatures parade the whole length of Broadway, Fifth avenue and Central Park West.

Tin horns, long and short, red, yellow and green, lie with long, snaky rattles of every color in proclaiming the frolic of the Thanksgiving Day fairies.

Flaunting his fiery red cheesecloth cape as he turns on his heel, a veritable little imp of the venerable Satan accosts you with "Penny, Missus? Penny! Aw, you ain't broke, sure you ain't. Gimme a Thanksgiving penny!"

You brace yourself and try to look him down with dignified scorn. He follows you for a bit, begging and tooting his horn, and then quits with a piercing blast at you.

"Penny missus, penny?" pipes a jolly yellow kid.

"A Thanksgiving Day penny today, missus!" urges Uncle Sam, twirling his national coat-tails as he joins in the

subjugation.

Even Johnnie Bull blusters up and demands "A penny today, laddie!" buffing in his brilliant padded uniform.

A few smiles begin to escape you, but you trudge along unheeding.

Then a fearful war-bedecked Indian chief whoops down upon you with "You're rich, gimme a Thanksgiving penny!" Positive refusal. "Aw, gimme one, you got a big fat pocketbook. Gimme one or you'll have had luck all through the year!" he threatens, brandishing a fringed red and yellow rattle till he almost deafens you into submission.

Still your purse keeps its coins.

Up the street comes a portly and elegantly dressed gentleman—a real old New Yorker—surrounded by a rum-blossomed tramp tugging at his elbow, a pig-tailed yellow Chinaman and a most fetching society belle, nagging, tooting, rattling, and tormenting for the almighty penny. A united bedlam of horns and rattles marks the shower of coins which befalls the clever little actors in this group.

Together with the ragged, coarse-voiced urchins from the ghetto, brand-new little Paddies just over, diminutive

Dutchmen and all the other nationalities, the always-clean-faced sons of wealthier quarters scramble on equal terms for one long day of unpunishable joy.

And when a dainty little creature, oh, almost a little fresh lobster—so green from head to foot—trips up in his long-pointed green shoes and shakes his high-pointed green hood at you, you feel yourself yielding to the power of two big blue eyes set in the very green face.

As every one yields eventually—even strangers—to this lively manner of celebrating the Pilgrims' first solemn harvest thanksgiving, you hand over—if used by your last-nickel, when the green-faced elf demands a penny in a piping voice and assures you with a green smile and a sideline shake of his top-piece that "you got to give on Thanksgiving Day if you want to have any luck!"

KATHARINE KNOTT.

The Only Deception

"There is no fool like an old fool," quoted the wise guy. "Unless it happens to be the young fool that marries the old one," added the simple mug.

Said Brown—"A half a pumpkin makes My kid a cradle nest." Said Smith—"Oh, pawaw! I saw three cove All sleeping on one beat."

□□□□□□□□□□

COFFEE

□□□□□□□□□□

One Sunday morning Jamie's mother and father sat at the breakfast table sipping their cups of fragrant coffee and chatting with Jamie's grandmother, who was visiting them. With wide eyes, Jamie listened, for he thought his grandmother was as wonderful as a fairy godmother, because she had been across the ocean many times, and could tell the most interesting things about foreign lands.

"This is splendid coffee," she said, as she set down her cup. "It is a good brand, to start with, and then it is well-made, too," she smiled at Jamie's mother. Jamie sat up very straight. "Oh, grandmother," he cried, breathlessly, "Can't you tell us a story about coffee?"

"Why, yes, dear, I believe I can," she answered. "I lived in South America several years and I ought to know something about coffee, for it is raised there as it is in other hot countries, such as Mexico, Central America and Java."

"Does it grow on trees?" Jamie asked.

"No, it grows on little, low bushes that are set out in rows six or eight feet apart, and carefully trimmed to make them spread out so that they will produce big, fine berries."

"Coffee berries!" laughed Jamie. "I never heard of that kind of berries!"

"The coffee berries, when on the bushes, are dark scarlet and look something like cranberries," his grandmother told him.

"Do people pick them like we pick blackberries?" Jamie asked.

"Yes, the berries are picked by hand, for they do not all ripen at the same time. Sometimes little folks no older than you, pick them and put them into bags or baskets."

Jamie's father was listening. "How many berries can be picked in a day?" he asked.

"I think a good picker can pick about three bushels a day," Jamie's grandmother replied.

Jamie had run out into the kitchen and now returned with a handful of coffee. "Does the coffee look like this when it is picked?" he asked.

They all laughed heartily. "No, dear, that coffee has been roasted and ground into those little pieces," his grandmother explained. "Ask mother if she has any whole coffee."

Jamie's mother brought in several coffee beans — you know how they look. Jamie's grandmother took two of them and put the flat sides together. "This is the way they grow," she said. "This is inside the coffee berry. Just as the kernel of a nut is inside of the shell. Now, first the pulp has to be taken off the berries. Years ago, people used to trample on the berries to loosen the pulp, but now this is done by machinery, after the berries have been soaked in water to loosen the pulp. There is a sticky substance around the beans after the pulp comes off, and this has to be removed, too. Then each bean is covered by another tough shell, which has to be taken off by a hulling machine, which is sometimes turned by oxen. And under that is another thin-skin which must come off, too."

"My goodness!" cried Jamie. "Coffee has enough shells and skins, hasn't it?"

"Now, before they are ready to be shipped, they must be dried. So they are spread out in the sun to dry. For many days they lie in the sun, but



Sometimes Little Folks No Older Than You Pick The Berries.

every night they must be sheltered, for the heavy dew would spoil them. Finally, the coffee beans are sorted into different sizes—the small beans in one heap, the large ones in another. Then they are put into sacks, and taken to the sea ports, where big ships are lying at anchor. To all parts of the world coffee is shipped, for almost everybody drinks coffee. Long ago, though, only the rich people could drink it, for it cost a great deal to get it into different countries. In those days, there were places called coffee houses, where people used to go for a cup of coffee, just as we go to the drug store for a glass of soda water. There they would sip their coffee and gossip."

"I'd like to know what determines the different brands of coffee," said Jamie's mother. "Do they grow on different kinds of trees?"

"No, several kinds may grow on the same tree; the size and the quality make the different kinds."

"When the sacks of raw coffee beans reach their destination, they are taken off the ship, and sent to a place to be roasted to give them flavor. Some are ground up and put into cans, which we buy at the grocery."

"Why can't I drink coffee, too grandmother?" Jamie asked.

"Because it isn't good for little folks," his grandmother explained. "There is a thing in coffee called caffeine, that has a bad effect on the nerves and it would make you nervous. Lots of big folks, too, would be better off if they did not drink so much coffee. We Americans drink more coffee than any other people, it is said."

"All right, I won't ever ask for

coffee any more, if it is not good for me," Jamie said. "Anyway, the story about coffee was better than drinking it, I think."

Had Been at the "Front."

The hobo knocked at the back door and the woman of the house appeared. "Lady," he said, "I was at the front—"

"You poor man," she exclaimed. "One of war's victims. Wait till I get you some food, and you shall tell me your story. You were in the trenches, you say?"

"Not in the trenches. I was at the front—"

"Don't try to talk with your mouth full. Take your time. What deed of heroism did you do at the front?"

"Why, I knocked, but I couldn't make anybody hear, so I came around to the back."—People's Home Journal.

To Save Trouble.

A certain Scottish soldier in a hospital had been operated on four times in an endeavor to extract a bullet from the vicinity of his lower ribs.

On the last occasion he stated he had a request to make before going under chloroform.

Permission having been granted him to make it, he remarked to the surgeon: "Oh, it's nothing much. I just want to suggest that if you are unsuccessful this time and think you will have to try again, don't sew me up; just put buttons on me."

"He's a great reader."

"In what way?"

"He keeps up on all the continued stories in eight magazines."

OUR :: PUZZLE :: CORNER

COLUMBUS PUZZLE



In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
Who was it called the ocean blue?

The answer to this will be found by cutting out the black pieces and pasting them together. The answer will appear in next Saturday's Bulletin.

cross the ocean again, and again they flitted out boats and he left in triumph (I think that was the word our teacher used this morning), but the second voyage wasn't quite so successful, and when he took a third the Spaniards were still less pleased with him."

"Chirp, chirp, chirp," piped Birdie, meaning "Why didn't he stay at home?" at least Ethel thought that was what he meant and she answered, "You are perfectly right, he should have been content to live in peace at home, but he wasn't. The roving spirit was in him and unfortunately he sailed away for the fourth time. Oh, Birdie, I almost cried when Teacher told us of all his misfortunes, and of his sad home-coming. Instead of praise, they feared him, and when first they feasted him, they now threw him into prison."

"When they let him out of prison he was very poor and old, and when finally he died he did not know that the first land he had discovered after so many hardships, was our own glorious America."

"Chirp, chirp, chirp," piped Birdie, winking his eye and hopping on the other foot.

"That sounds like 'Hip, Hip, Hooray,'" cried Ethel, "and you may well say it, because we all love the memory of Columbus, and we remember the 12th of October every year and our school is open only half the day so that we children may celebrate. We had a lovely entertainment this morning in school, and our Teacher told us the story just as I told it to you. Did you like it?"

"Chirp, chirp, chirp," sang Birdie, as he flew away.

The Position Of a Soldier

(Rodman Gilder, in St. Nicholas)
"Slip off your jacket. There! Now assume the position of a soldier," commanded the captain. "What! My nephew and namesake doesn't know what that is? Well, I'll be demoted! That is the position of a soldier at attention," he said, rattling off the words.

Head on the same line, and as near each other as the conformation of the man permits.

Feet turned out equally, and forming an angle of about 45 degrees.

Knees straight, without stiffness.

Hips level and drawn back slightly; body erect and resting equally on hips, chest lifted and arched; shoulders square and falling equally.

Arms and hands hanging naturally, thumb along the seams of the trousers.

Head erect and squarely to the front, chin drawn in so that the axis of the head and neck is vertical and straight to the front.

Weight of the body resting equally upon the heels and balls of the feet.

PUNISHING FIDO.

Now you sit there, Mister Fido. And see how it feels to stay in the house the whole long morning while I run about and play.

Last night I got a scolding. And was kept in, too, because my nice dress got all muddy.

With marks of your muddy paws.

And while I was being punished you barked and jumped and ran, and instead of being sorry you seemed to think it fun.

Now, sir, you've got to sit here. And hold your paws in the air. While I go for a frisk.

So follow me if you dare.

SYMPATHY.

A fourteen-year-old boy went into his mother's presence with one eye black, his lips swollen, and a ragged scratch across his cheek, the blood from which he had wiped off with his shirt sleeve.

"Mendacious!" cried the parent, as he crawled in, "have you been fighting again?"

"No," he granted. "Then what on earth ails your face?"

"Jim Green's ma's dead," he replied.

"Well, suppose she is, what's that to do with your disfigured face?"

"I saw Jim just now," answered the boy, "and he looked awfully sad and lonely."

"Well?"

"I didn't know what to do to make him happy again, and feeling sorry for him I just went up and let him hit me a few times."

"Did it help him?" asked the mother.

"Help him?" echoed the boy in a surprised tone. "Of course it did! Don't you think it'd make you feel better to whack a fellow who had licked you every week for a year?"

His Idea of Fighting

"It's not the money, it's the principle of the thing he's fighting for."

"They all say that."

"I know, but in this case it must be. He has hired a \$10.00 lawyer to defend him in a \$500 law suit."

HYDRA-HEADED WORDS.

(Four-Letter Words)

1. I am an animal, change my head I am caution, change it again I am to trim, change again I am a weed, change once more I am an animal.
2. I am a bird, change my head I am to ramble, change it again I am a recess of the shore, change again I am fondness, change again and I go

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

I am composed of twelve letters:
1. My 2, 9, 3 is a part of the head.
2. My 4, 5, 8, 6, 12 is to work for.
3. My 1, 7, 10, 11, 2 is money.
My whole is the secret of Columbus' success.

ANSWER.

Following are the answers to last week's puzzles.

ANIMAL ADDITION—1. Hite-Tiger 2. Brave-Beaver 3. G's-Flag 4. Mall-Llama 5. Nome-Mouse 6. Snob-Hoon
FOUND IN A BAKERY—Pie, Buns Bread, Cake, Tarts.

Solution to Last Week's Football Puzzle



OCTOBER 19TH, 1781

It was on Oct. 19th, 1781, that the memorable battle of Yorktown was fought between British and American troops, resulting practically in the completion of the war of the revolution. Now all the old sores are forgotten and American soldiers are fighting side by side in the common struggle for liberty.

Care of the wounded was vastly different then and now. One hundred and twenty-five years ago those unfortunate soldiers who came away from the battle field wounded and maimed, had to go under the surgeon's knife without taking ether or chloroform, as those drugs were not yet used in making the patient unconscious to pain during an operation. Can you imagine how our poor braves must have suffered during such times? Sometimes they were bound with ropes so that they could not move no matter how excruciating the pain. It is recorded in history that our soldiers showed a remarkable fortitude and bravery, but one soldier's courage stands out among the rest.

It was the morning after this battle of Yorktown that a wounded soldier was carried into the hospital tent having been shot in the knee. He was very badly mutilated, and the surgeon found it necessary to amputate the leg.

The surgeon's orders were "Nurse, bind the man with ropes, for a move on his part might cause his life."

The wounded man cried "Never! You may tear my heart out of my breast, but you shall not bind me. I figured knows how to control himself."

"But," began the surgeon

"Get me a fiddle," answered the soldier.

A fiddle was given him, and he tuned it properly and then smiling at the nurses and doctors he said, "Now, Doctor, you can begin, and I promise not to hinder your progress."

And he played during the whole operation, which lasted three-quarters of an hour, and not only did this brave man not move a feature of his face but he did not play a single false note.

No Use For It.

The teacher sought by every known means to stimulate her small pupil's somewhat undeveloped sense of gratitude.

"Now, Charley," she said, "ought you not to be very much obliged to the cow for the milk she gives you every morning?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Charley. "She has no use for it herself."

Adventures of Uncle Wiggily

By Howard R. Garis

Uncle Wiggily and the Watchful Potatoes.

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"What are you going to do today?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as he saw Uncle Wiggily in his bunny rabbit, hop out of his house with a potato in his paw.

"I am going to do the rest of my potatoes from my garden," he answered with a twinkle of his pink nose that made him look like an electric light going to sleep.

"That will be fine," said Nurse Jane. "If we have a crop of potatoes, we shall not be hungry this winter."

So Uncle Wiggily, taking a basket and shovel, went down to the lower part of his garden to dig the potatoes.

The potatoes were lying in the brown earth, where they had grown all summer getting larger and ripier, and waiting to be dug up and put in the cellar.

With his shovel Uncle Wiggily now began to dig them down into a heap to be put in his basket. He was ready to begin, and he was ready to begin.

"Heigh ho!" cried the bunny rabbit after a while when he had dug nearly all the potatoes. "I feel quite sleepy. I think I will lie down and take a nap. I can leave the rest of the potatoes to my owl."

So, covering his eyes with a handkerchief, he lay down and had that lightest of sleeps. Uncle Wiggily was not to be wakened by the pile of potatoes.

"Dear old Uncle Wiggily," said one potato. "He has lots of trouble with his potatoes. It must pain him to dig them out of the ground, but he never says a word."

"No, he is very kind to us," said another potato. "I like Uncle Wiggily."

"I wish we could do something for him," spoke a third potato. "But we are too small to help. We can't even say a word to him, such as 'hello'."

Well, that is good potatoes—that's all we can do," said a very large one.

Uncle Wiggily slept on, dreaming what a nice garden he had when all

the potato was up. Now it was a very sly animal, not so very big or strong, but if it can sneak up without being seen, it will grab a rabbit or a squirrel and try to bite them. In fact, what this weasel was going to do to Uncle Wiggily.

And the bunny rabbit was fast asleep in front of the potatoes, and the potatoes were as you may see for yourself, and as I have often told you, and with their eyes the watchful potatoes saw the weasel sneaking up on the fat potato.

"Oh, if we could only do something to help Uncle Wiggily," sighed a poor fat potato.

But we can't," a tiny round one said.

"We can't hop around and roll on that weasel of ours we would," went "Yes, you could do some good that way," spoke a thin potato. "But I guess it would take more than all of us to scare away the weasel!"

"Maybe it wouldn't," suddenly said the fat, jolly potato. "You know we are fat, you know we are fat."

"Yes, you can see every move that weasel makes, and if we yell at him, and say 'I see you!' every time he tries to get Uncle Wiggily, maybe we can keep him off until our bunny rabbit is out of wakes. Then Mr. Long, can't you have the weasel away himself?"

"Yes, and dandy if we can do it!" cried several other potatoes.

Well, try," said the fat one.

Secret and nearer to sleeping Uncle Wiggily crept the bad weasel. But, just as he was going to nip the bunny rabbit's ear the watchful potatoes cried:

"Here! Get out of that! We see you!"

He frightened and alarmed the weasel back. He could not see who had called to him, not knowing potatoes could both see and talk at times.

"I guess it was nothing but Uncle Wiggily talking in his sleep," said the weasel. "I'll try again."

After a while the slinking animal once more crept up to bite Uncle Wiggily.

"Be off out of there! Scat! We see you!" cried the potatoes, and though they could not hurt the weasel they frightened him. "Once more he drew back. But, after waiting a bit he tried again. Once more the watchful potatoes shouted:

"Here! Get away! Shout! Roar! Bozz!"

"Oh, my goodness, I guess Uncle Wiggily is waking up and will throw stones at me. I'd better get away," said the sneaky weasel, and away he ran, not biting the bunny a bit.

So Uncle Wiggily slept safely on, and when he awakened and saw the weasel's tracks in the soft dirt, he knew what had happened and how the watchful potatoes had saved him while he slept. So he thanked them and put them away in his cellar. Thus it is sometimes good to be a potato.

Positive Proof

"Do you believe in heredity?"

"Of course I do. Don't all our children get their bad traits from their father?"

Who? Which? What?

Against which American President were impeachment proceedings instituted? Andrew Johnson.

What was the longest telegram ever sent and when? On May 22, 1882, and was sent from New York to Chicago to the Tribune there, giving the entire new Testament as revised.

How many Bibles are there in the world? Seven in all. They are: The Christian Bible, The Eddas of the Scandinavians, The Five Kings of the Chinese, The Koran of the Mohammedans, The Ten Patriarchs of the Buddhists, The Three Vedas of the Hindoos, and The Zendavesta of the Persians.

Who were the most famous generals of the world? Scythians, Alexander, Caesar, Hannibal, Washington, Napoleon, Grant, Lee, Von Moltke, Wellington and Marlborough.

What noted General lost an arm in a cavalry charge against the City of Mexico? Philip Kearney.

What patriot said: "I regret that I have only one life to give to my country." Nathan Hale.

By PATRICK MacGILL

HANDLED EACH
DAY IN QUEBEC

Lie Ralph Gwynn, killed in action June 16th, 1917. He was born November 11th, 1888, at Trecherbert,


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Lie Ralph Gwynn, killed in action June 16th, 1917. He was born November 11th, 1888, at Trecherbert,

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The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1917.

Home Window Card



Of the U.S. Food Administration hanging in the White House window

:: HOME CARD ::

This is a card of instructions issued by United States food administration to the American people. The suggestions are also of value to the people of Canada.

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP WIN THIS WAR

WIN THE WAR BY GIVING YOUR OWN DAILY SERVICE

Our problem is to feed our Allies this winter by sending them as much food as we can, of the most concentrated nutritive value in the least shipping space. These foods are wheat, beef, pork, dairy products, and sugar.

Our solution is to eat less of these and more of other foods of which we have an abundance, and to waste less of all foods.

BREAD AND CEREALS.—Have at least one wheatless meal a day. Use corn, oat, rye, barley, or mixed cereal rolls, muffins, and breads in place of white bread certainly for one meal and, if possible, for two. Eat less cake and pastry.

As in the white bread, if you buy from a baker, order it a day in advance then he will not bake beyond his needs. Cut the loaf on the table and only as required. Use stale bread for toast and cooking.

MEAT.—Use more poultry, rabbits, and especially fish and sea food in place of beef, mutton, and pork. Do not use either beef, mutton, or pork more than once daily, and then serve smaller portions. Use all left-over meat cold or in made dishes. Use soups more freely. Use beans; they have nearly the same food value as meat.

MILK.—Use all of the milk, waste no part of it. The children must have whole milk; therefore, use less cream. There is a great waste of food by not using all skim and sour milk. Sour milk can be used in cooking and to make cottage cheese. Use buttermilk and cheese freely.

FATS (butter, lard, etc.)—Dairy butter has food values vital to children. Therefore, use it on the table as usual, especially for children. Use as little as possible in cooking. Reduce the use of fried foods to reduce the consumption of lard and other fats. Use vegetable oils, as olive and cottonseed oil. Save daily one-third of an ounce of animal fat. Waste no soap; it contains fat and the glycerine necessary for explosives. You can make scrubbing soap at home, and, in some localities, you can sell your saved fats to the soap maker, who will thus secure our needed glycerine.

SUGAR.—Use less candy and sweet drinks. Use less sugar in tea and coffee. Use honey, maple syrup, and dark syrups for hot cakes and waffles without butter or sugar. Do not frost or ice cakes. Do not stint the use of sugar in putting up fruits and jams. They may be used in place of butter.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.—We have a superabundance of vegetables. Double the use of vegetables. They take the place of the wheat and meat, and, at the same time, are healthful. Use potatoes abundantly. Store potatoes and roots properly and they will keep. Use fruits generously.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS

Buy less; cook no more than necessary; serve smaller portions.

Use local and seasonable supplies.

Patronize your local producers and lessen the need of transportation.

Preach and practice the "gospel of the clean plate."

We do not ask the American people to starve themselves. Eat plenty, but wisely, and without waste.

Do not limit the plain food of growing children.

Do not eat between meals.

Watch out for the waste in the community.

You can yourself devise other methods of saving to the ends we wish to accomplish. Under various circumstances and with varying conditions you can vary the methods of economizing.

Hints To Housekeepers

food

- 1-buy it with thought
- 2-cook it with care
- 3-serve just enough
- 4-save what will keep
- 5-eat what would spoil
- 6-home-grown is best

don't waste it.

RUSH FOR EXAMINATIONS IN MONTREAL UNDER MILITARY SERVICE ACT.



Other centres for the examination of class "A" men under the Military Service Act will be opened in Montreal shortly to accommodate the tide of applicants. Two examination stations are now in operation.

Store Closes Daily
At 5:30
Saturday 6:00

JAMES RAMSEY
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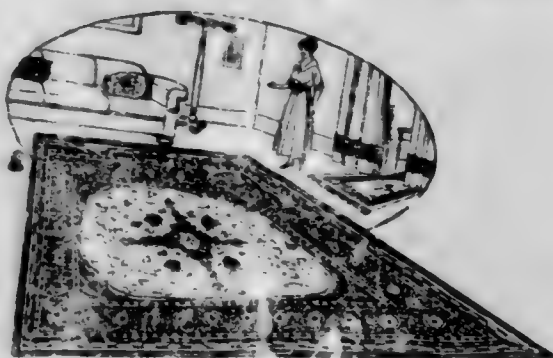
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HOME SWEET HOME

Is in all probability, mankind's most familiar and popular melody, because it deals with "Home," the shrine at which we all worship. All Humanity answers to the wholesome appeal of a real home which is the very cornerstone of civilization itself.

These days your home need not be "ever so humble," Ramsey's vast assortments of beautiful Home-Furnishings are priced within the reach of all.

HEAVY AXMINSTER RUGS



Ramsey's real rug value is fully demonstrated in these beautiful Axminster rugs, exceptionally good quality, artistic designs and perfectly blended colorings, and, last but not least, is the low pricing:

Size 6' 9" x 9'	\$27.00	Size 9' x 10' 6"	\$41.00
Size 9' x 9'	\$36.00	Size 9' x 12'	\$46.50

Cretonne Rag Rugs

Absolutely the very newest floor covering for bedrooms, woven from cretonne in many dainty patterns and bedroom colorings.

Size 27" x 54"	\$2.50	Size 6' x 9'	\$13.00
Size 36" x 63"	\$4.00	Size 9' x 10' 6"	\$21.00
Size 4' 6" x 7' 6"	\$8.25	Size 9' x 12'	\$24.00

Good Values in Reliable Brussels Rugs

For long lasting service at a reasonably low price, there is no better rug obtainable. We have several pretty designs in green and fawn colorings in all the standard sizes:

4' 6" x 6'	\$ 9.50	9' x 9'	\$22.50	9' x 12'	\$28.50
6' 9" x 9'	\$17.00	9' x 10' 6"	\$25.00		

Add Cretonnes and Your Room Will Glow With Charm

Decorate Cretonnes that add charm, good taste and will add to the refinement of the home. A host of the newest designs in drapery fabrics, elaborate borders, Chinese and floral designs in soft shadow effects, used extensively for curtains, material and light upholstery. 36 inches wide, priced from **45c to \$1.00**

Charming Color Effect in New Shadow-Cloths at
\$2.25 Per Yard

Lovely colorings that melt into each other with that indistinct softness that is the charm of these new shadow cloths. One can easily imagine what pretty slips, coverings for low curtains and valances and upholstery, these would make. They are in good weight, for room use, and are 50 inches wide. At per yard **\$2.25**

Wallpaper Attractively Priced!

A special offer. Sufficient paper for the wall, ceiling and border of a room 12 x 12 x 9 or a room of equal proportions. Choice is offered of many new and attractive patterns, suitable for any room in the house.
Complete, special **\$3.95**



Brandram-Henderson's Paints

If you do your fall painting this year with Brandram-Henderson's Pure Paints, you are assured of your money being well invested. B. & H. Pure Prepared Paints are easily applied and wear like iron. They will brighten and beautify the home for the long winter evenings. Put up all shades and colors.
Paints **55c** Half Pints **35c**
Quarts **\$1.00** 1/2 gallon **\$2.10** Gallon **\$4.00**

Use Calcimo for Interior Decorating

Calcimo is a high grade sanitary water finish. Specially adapted for interior decorative work. It is easily mixed with cold water. A good selection of colors. Put up in **60c** 5 lb. packets, each

TO DIVERT at any time a troublesome fancy run to thy books. They presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness. —Keller.

Gossip of Books of the Day

CRISP Reviews of New Books; Wide Range of Subjects Treated

(The Holy Scriptures According to the Masoretic Text. A New Translation. Published by the Jewish Society, Philadelphia.)

Perhaps the most striking aspect of this new Jewish version of the Bible in English, made by a committee of seven Hebrew scholars, is its nonsectarianism. This committee, of which Dr. Cyrus Adler was chairman, and the late Dr. Solomon Schechter, the late Dr. Joseph Jacobs, Dr. Kaufman Kohler, Dr. David Philipson, Dr. Samuel Schulman, and Professor Max L. Margolis, the constituent members, represented both the conservative and the reform wings of Judaism in America. In the actual work of translation, furthermore, although all Jewish sources of information and commentary were, of course, exhaustively employed, use was made of the labors of such scholars of Christian faith as Cheyne and Driver, who have elucidated the Old Testament by their researches in philology, archaeology, and the like. The translators have, moreover, adopted previous English versions as a basis, beginning with the rendering made by Wycliffe, and consulting especially the authorized version. As to the latter, Professor Margolis, who has acted as editor in chief of the labors of the translators, says in his little volume on Bible translations:

No translation in the English tongue can be anything but a revision; a revision of the English Bible of 1611, itself a revision. All attempts at modernizing the Bible English must necessarily fail. Once and for all time the revisers of 1611 fixed the model for all future undertakings. It is interesting to know that a special edition of this new translation of the Bible, in khaki, will be published in convenient form for the many thousands of Jewish soldiers and sailors who are serving today in the cause of democracy.

KING COAL.
(By Upton Sinclair)

With this new novel Mr. Sinclair returns to the theme, method, and purpose of his first success, "The Jungle," and portrays, in the mass, the environment, conditions, and lives of a large section of submerged labor. As a matter of literary achievement it is by long odds the kind of thing he does best, the kind of thing which very few writers have done so well and effectively as he. For he has a noteworthy facility for visualizing a great number of separate elements of such a group and then combining them so closely that they make one reader's mind a sort of unit with all its factors converging toward the central purpose, while each takes its place harmoniously as part of the colorful picture. Artistically, this new novel is a better piece of work than "The Jungle," more compact, better constructed, with swifter, more sweeping movement, a more centralized purpose, while its picture of life in a great coal camp yields nothing to that portrayal of existence among the employees of the Chicago stock yards in vivid coloring, in understanding of racial types, and in the sincere and convincing quality of its setting.

The story has very few of those personal interests and relations that form most of the material of the usual novel. It is proof of the tale's unusual quality that the author has been able to vivify it with so keen an emotional interest without dependence upon these factors. The hero has a fiancée out in the world of the rich and exalted, who makes her appearance on the train of Perry Harrigan; and a splendid young Irishwoman—a convincing, vital, and well portrayed figure—with whom he sympathizes falls in love with him. But the author shows commendable artistic instinct in keeping both of these threads of emotional interest in the background and bringing neither to a final conclusion. But so much cannot be said for his deplorable determination every now and then to break out into declamation against the present commercial system and to preach the present abolition of private ownership. Whether or not one agrees with him, these ebullitions are a distinct blot upon the story as a work of literary art, and they lessen its effectiveness as an effort at social amelioration. If Mr. Sinclair wants to preach socialism he should hire a hall and frankly make known what he is going to do. Those who are able to think, as well as feel, about the conditions produced by social and economic injustice, and who prefer to do their own thinking about them and their causes, are apt to reject having page preachments thrust

at them out of the body of a piece of fiction.

The introduction by Dr. Georg Brandes is a distinct disappointment and leaves the reader filled with wonder that it could have been written by this distinguished critic. At the least, the publishers of the book might have rectified its English.

ITALY AT WAR.
(By Herbert Vivian)

This volume of impressions has little in common with Mr. Powell's "Italy at War." (Scribners.) Mr. Vivian, known to English readers for several books of travel and description, is noticeably lacking in the perspective of the war critic; but he is an earnest observer of the beauty and life of the new Italy, and there is refreshing warmth and color in his informal gossip. Not a little of the book's effectiveness as a contribution to a better understanding of the Italian point of view lies in the character sketches and bits of descriptive biography of the central figures in the political crisis, of Giolitti, Salandra and Sonnino, Gabriele d'Annunzio is vividly, if somewhat unflatteringly, depicted in his role of hero in the drama of May, 1915, and there is an intimate and sympathetic portrait of the deservedly popular King. One very interesting chapter affords the reader a glimpse of the cryptic Commander in Chief of the army, Luigi Cadorna. It is related of this unemotional leader of an emotional people that he exhibited some reluctance to commission Peppino Garibaldi, who had become a French Colonel before Italy joined in the conflict.

"He is one of the bravest men on earth," some one pleaded. "That is bad," said Cadorna. "Let me see: 'Under the hall of the bullets he laughs and sings.' Very bad. 'At the mere sight of him, the soldiers rush to their destruction, as though possessed by sacred fire.' Very bad, indeed."

LITTLE STORIES FROM THE SCREEN.

(By William Addison Lathrop)

This volume of motion-picture synopses by a successful writer for the screen will no doubt prove interesting to the very many people who long to write "movie" plays. There are twenty-five synopses collected here, of different types and of lengths varying from one to five reels; all of them have been accepted and produced by some studio. At the end of the book there is a complete scenario with synopses, scene plot, continuity, etc., of the most elaborate of the stories, "The Heir of the Ages." While these synopses, as the author points out in a

POILU'S Letters to His Mother Valiant, Intimate and Wonderful

"A Soldier of France," His Mother (A. C. McClure & Co.), is a collection of valiant, intimate, and wonderful letters written to a mother of France by her first son, now numbered among the "disappeared." The letters are published anonymously because some hope still lingers that he is a prisoner in Germany, and his friends naturally do not wish to write his epitaph until the last hope has proved futile.

It was indeed a generous spirit which permitted the giving of these communications to the public, which at this hour needs desperately just such high interpretations of pain and suffering. "You do not know," he writes to his beloved mother, "the lesson taught by him who falls. I do. For him who knows how to read life, these present events have torn the shreds of our old habits of thought and have revealed more clearly than ever before eternal beauty and order. We must recover from the surprise caused by this tearing to pieces of venerable ideas, and adapt ourselves as quickly as possible to this new variety of things which renders us as privileged as was Socrates, the Christian martyr, and the victims of the French revolution. Then we will disdain what in life is only temporary and turn with a fresh longing for what this existence offers us so rarely—a thorough appreciation of what is eternal."

The book contains many such passages of sweetness and wisdom. The continual facing of death acted as a

stimulant to his mental vision and his spiritual outlook. True, he sometimes wept. The horrors he beheld and hardships he endured proved too much for sensitive nerves; but he met his daily life with lofty fortitude. He painted portraits of his companions, or in the fifty casements played the nine symphonies of Beethoven from beginning to end, though the musicians sat in cramped positions, like Chinese. Fine literature was read, and, asking his mother to read the same things at the same time, he continually discussed them with her. His sense of the beauty of life and of nature was acute.

FRANCE UNDER THE REPUBLIC.

By Jean Charlemagne Bracy. First published in 1910, M. Bracy's survey of the French Republic is offered again to the reading public as a new and revised edition. It is remarkable that the author's earlier observations have been so generally confirmed by the events of the last three years, and proves conclusively that he knew then and knows now just what he is talking about.

The volume really constitutes a contemporary history of France, not only in regard to its political course, but economic as well. Since 1871 great questions have arisen within the republic—problems that were as momentous, perhaps, as the U. S. civil war. And we must bear in mind the fact that while the country struggled with its solutions it did not possess that solidarity of thought that obtains in the United States. France not only has its parties, but there are those who desire the return of the monarchic form of government. For the latter class this book should make interesting reading.

Among the most dramatic questions that have been definitely disposed of in latter years is that of the separation of State and Church, and the author has brought all of his considerable skill as a historian to bear upon his treatment of this subject. We are inclined, perhaps, to regard France as a country divided between Catholics and non-believers—that is, that the latter reject deistic beliefs in general, and rather than being merely non-Catholic are non-religious. That is far from true, for there is a strong Protestant element, and even the churchless Frenchman is not indifferent to religious problems. The author tells us that an able religious speaker will find hearers outside of the churches more easily than in America.

WEDDING SUPERSTITIONS.

A January bride will be a prudent housekeeper and very good tempered. A February bride will be humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

An April bride will be inconstant, but fairly good looking.

A May bride will be handsome, amiable and likely to be happy.

A June bride will be impetuous and generous.

A July bride will be handsome and smart but a trifle quick tempered.

An August bride will be amiable and practical.

September bride will be discreet, affable and much liked.

An October bride will be pretty, coquettish, loving but jealous.

A November bride will be liberal, kind, but of a wild disposition.

A December bride will be fond of novelty, entertaining, but extravagant

Hun Campaign of Hate Exposed

There is very little in Carl W. Ackerman's book to justify the title, "Germany, the Next Republic" (Doubleday). Indeed, there is little in Germany itself to justify the hope that a church will give way to republicanism. The book, however, is worth reading, for it contains much that will answer the question asked in some quarters as to why we are at war with Germany.

As a German-American and as representative of an influential news-gathering agency, Mr. Ackerman was able to come in contact with high government officials, talk with them freely, and occasionally go behind the scenes. He was on good terms with Ambassador Gerard, who in more than one instance used him as a medium for learning the German government attitude. He has a great deal to say about the fight on the champagne, the fall of Von Tirpitz, the economic difficulties of the empire, and the attitude of Germany toward this country during the war. There is a chapter on the campaign of hate against the United States.

Notes of Books and Authors

BRITAIN'S MAN OF ACTION

If some who prefer babble to action will read Frank Dinon's "Life of Lloyd George" (Harper's), they will learn what Great Britain did in the case of the "kitty" Welsh attorney. There is no more romantic story than that of the peer Welsh boy who rose to be Britain's prime minister.

The herculean labors which he performed in his tax reform, his insurance bills, and his breaking of the house of lords are being continued in these years of war. No former statesman of the land has accomplished on-the-whole the results he has in the last twenty years.

FROM THE GULF TO ARARAT

"From the Gulf to Ararat" (Dutton), by C. E. Hubbard, secretary of the delimitation commission appointed by Russia, England, Turkey, and Persia, is an account "of the year spent by the commission traveling and surveying among the slopes of the great mountain range which stretches from Mount Ararat in Armenia to the head of the Persian gulf.

Under the title "Joseph H. Choate: New Englander, New Yorker, Lawyer, Ambassador," Theron G. Strong has written a biography of Mr. Choate which Dodd, Mead & Co. have in train for October publication.

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A PAGE ABOUT MUSIC and MUSICIANS

LISTENING AS AN AID TO MUSIC STUDENTS

By ALBERT WEAVER-WINSTON.

A valuable asset to the student of music, and one which is oft times overlooked, is the seizing of every opportunity of listening to good music. Often a student feels that his time should be devoted to the technical study of his instrument rather than to the concert hall. To the writer it appears that neither the practice nor the concert should be neglected. To know what you are aiming at is most essential and will accelerate progress. The object aimed at can be found at the symphony concert, the chamber music hall, and at both song and instrumental recitals; thus giving the student an idea not only of the work ahead of him, but also of the beauties of the compositions, and of the ideas of the virtuosi interpreting them.

A technical teacher told me the other day that too many students see with blind eyes, and hear with deaf ears; and it appears to me that among music students mastering the technique of various instruments there are few who cultivate the faculty of listening critically to music; and that, therefore, the knowledge of said stu-

dents is not so good as it should be, and that they are not so well equipped as they should be upon the technical side.

Even in the case of the virtuosi we have an opportunity of listening to artists of more or less renown, but how many of our students does one see at these concerts and recitals? Every aspiring young musician is materially helped by the opportunity of listening to the best, but his understanding of what is being done would be greatly enlarged by a close study previous to the concert of the music program, and a general knowledge of musical forms. He should be able to tell a symphony, concerto, barcarolle, concerto, fantasia, etc., at first hearing, and should be able to see the differences between such peculiarities of composition as sequences, repetitions, echoes and other imitations, all of which have a certain written resemblance but which are played in an entirely different manner. It is certain that if a student pays attention to the listening part of his musical education his knowledge of what to do in his study hours will be greatly improved.

San Carlo Opera Now In Quebec; Here This Season

After three weeks of patronage in New York City which shattered all records, both for attendance and receipts, so far as singing opera organizations are concerned, the San Carlo Grand Opera Company left the metropolis on Saturday night following the closing performance at the Forty-fourth street theatre. The hundred members of the company boarded a special train for Quebec, where the predominating French population will hear the artists for a week. Montreal will then have the San Carlo forces for the fourth annual engagement, after which the company will start upon its long transcontinental tour, visiting Edmonton on the way. This will embrace some thirty-two weeks and include all the big opera-loving communities as far as Portland, Ore.

Propose League In America of Musicians' Clubs

A league of all the musicians' clubs in the United States will be formed during the forthcoming season, according to a plan which is being projected by representatives of two of these clubs—in Los Angeles and New York City. It will have an effect on Canada, especially Western Canada, and is of interest in Edmonton on that account.

The proposal to affiliate these societies resulted from a meeting in New York last week, of Thomas Taylor Drill, president the Musicians' Club of Los Angeles, and David Blapham, vice president of the Musicians' Club of New York. If the intention of the projectors is realized the league will do more than afford merely social advantages for the members of the various clubs. It is hoped to employ the power of this affiliation for the prosecution of important reforms in the musical profession.

A clerk in Manchester, England, has this record: He played 1400 tunes from memory in sixteen consecutive hours and then fell in a faint off the piano stool, having exhausted both his repertoire and his strength.

We acknowledge the receipt of a new patriotic song, "Dear America, Sure the War We Shall Win," by Oscar Schmechtenheimsberg, of Potsdam, N. Y.—Musical America.

The New York Telegraph carries a dispatch from Paris which says that German tunes are not banned by the allies. American forces now in France have route-marched to a melody of German airs and found them "well adapted" for the purpose. During the review of General Pershing's troops one unit marched past to a melody of the "Watch on the Rhine" and "Ach, du lieber Augustin."

HERE'S A "POME" YOU MAY ADMIRE

The following is from the Richmond Times-Dispatch:

When she tried for a job in the choir,
The leader consented to try;
Then he said, "Goodness me,
That is only high C,
and you ought to sing very much
hoir!"

She replied, "To E-flat I aspire,
But my throat seems to weary and
toir;
Yet I think I could sing
Nearly any old thing,
I could let me yell 'Murder' on
'hoir'!"

HOW ARTISTS SPEND SUMMER

"Did you spend a pleasant summer?"
"Well," replied the wan-looking artist, "my publicity manager had me pose for 300 pictures on horseback, 600 driving a machine, 100 'doing my bit farming,' 750 swimming and diving, 400 milking cows and feeding chickens, 2,000 dressed as a Red Cross nurse and 5,000 with the soldiers at the training camps—it really was a pretty pleasant summer."

A supervisor of music recently asked this question in a history of music test: "What part did Martin Luther play in the history of church music?" The pupil answered: "The flute."

MELBA Never Tires Helping Men Who Have Fought For the Empire

Melba, who has just joined the Chicago Opera company, has spent a busy summer in her Australian home. This indefatigable worker recently added \$11,000 to the \$300,000 she had already raised for war charities.

This latest sum represents the proceeds of a matinee jointly arranged in Melbourne by the great Australian diva and Cyril Maude, the actor, in aid of the State War Council's Amelioration Fund.

The matinee, as the eloquent figures show, was an extraordinary success, even though it may have been what one of the local papers, in announcing it, expected it would be—"one of those excitable affairs simmering with emotion and laden with floral tributes." The novel feature of the program was the performance of "A voice in the Desert," the poem by the Belgian poet, Emile Cammaerts, the narrative of which was read by Mr. Maude, while Mme. Melba sang the part of "The Voice" and Frank St. Ledger, at the piano, and F. W. G. Steele at the organ, played the accompanying music. Sir Edward Elgar composed for the poem.

The soprano's other contributions to the program were the "Chanson Indoue" and "Nymphs and Fauns" and an excerpt from the fourth act of Verdi's "Otello."

In the midst of the program she came forward with an American flag and auctioned it off for \$1,000. An autographed photograph of Charlie Chaplin which she offered brought \$125, and she herself bought for \$250 a jewel presented by Mr. Maude for the auction. Then, as is her wont on such occasions, Melba invited general contributions, with the result that she was literally showered with coins and notes flung on the stage from the auditorium and balconies.

One Sunday afternoon she went to the Shire Hall in her home town of Lilydale and came for some returned soldiers and their townsmen. Then at the special performance of "Grum-

by" which Cyril Maude gave for the soldiers and nurses in Melbourne she appeared between the acts and sang several songs, and on French Day she sang again at the Melbourne Town Hall at a celebration for which 5,000 invitations were issued, although the seating capacity of the hall is just a little over 2,000. On the occasion every guest was required to bring an envelope with a contribution in it for the French relief funds.

THE ACID TEST

The Hostess—Are you a musician, Mr. Markham?
Markham (dying to exhibit his powers)—Well, er—yes, I think I might claim to be one.
The Hostess—Delighted. My sister is going to play. It would be kind if you would turn over the music for her.—From Sketch.

"PREVENTION IS BETTER"

(From Musical America.)
Several composers of war songs announce that they will devote the sales receipts to the hospital service. Why not withdraw the songs and prevent the casualties?

Say what we may, the war songs are really doing something besides enriching the paper trust and winning generous publicity for the poets. The words and music, ninety-nine per cent of the patriotic conceptions are making people as all-fired indignant and angry that they'll be in a mood to fight the Germans and everyone else.—Musical America.

NOTES On and Off the Line

At a recent meeting of the Edmonton Amateur Operatic society it was decided to commence rehearsals for a comic opera to be put on this winter. Seven operas were sent for to choose from as follows: "Toreador," "French Maid," "Shop Girl," "The Earl and the Girl," "Tom Jones," "Daisy Maid" and the "Arcadians." It is hoped that the "Arcadians" will be the chosen one as it is decidedly the most suitable for the number.

At the Associate Music Studios last week a meeting of the Edmonton orchestra was called to discuss plans for the coming winter. Concerts will begin in the near future and the officers for the coming season are: President, Mr. Vernon Barford; vice president, Mr. Wm. Strachan; secretary, Mr. Geo. Andrews; treasurer, Mr. Harry Redman; conductor, Mr. Albert Weaver-Winston; committee, Mr. E. Tremblay and Mr. Kenneth A. Ross.

David Phillips, the American baritone, is too old to serve in the army, but his son is at the British forces, and his daughter is the wife of an Italian officer. Mr. Phillips himself is serving an apprenticeship on behalf of the American ambulance in Italy. He wants to raise a million dollars, and is fairly on his way to do so.

EDMONTON ARTISTS VISITORS TO RETURN CONCERT WORK

Donalson Danks, the young Canadian mezzo-soprano, formerly of Edmonton, has returned to New York to resume her studies at the Madison Avenue Baptist church, after a vacation in Canada. She will be heard in concerts in Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec during the coming season.

Richard Hardner Davis' "The Deserter," with an introduction by John T. McEntee, will be published in portable book form by the Scribners during the coming month.

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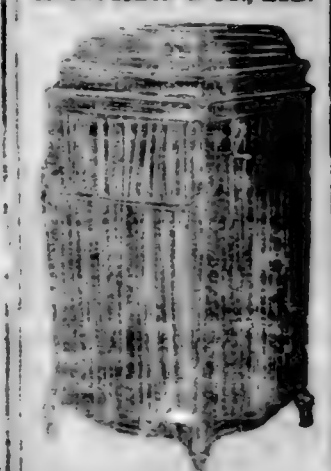
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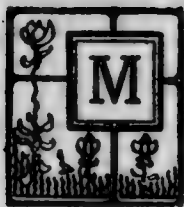
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ON TOP OF THE SKY

By Lloyd D. Lewis

Illustrated by Henry Thiele



"OTHER," gasped the little boy as he clung to the hand that propelled him homeward down the leafy village street, "is heaven in the sky? What is heaven?"

Even a housewife with a Sunday dinner on her mind is sometimes a mother more than a cook. This woman was. She said:

"Yes, the preacher said all brave soldiers and all men who died loving their country went to heaven, no matter what they had done that was bad. All the brave soldiers who are dying in Europe go to heaven. It's somewhere away up in the sky, right over our heads. If you could fly high enough you would find it!"

"Would it?" asked the little boy in a faint voice.

Earlier that same Sabbath morning M. Casteneau, minister of war for the French Republic, arrived at the headquarters of General Marcia, chief of the armies in the field. He had come down in the night from Paris, to be with the poilus when France won the war or was crushed forever under the German heel.

Lieutenant Ribot of the intelligence bureau had sent the word across the lines that the Hun would attack on this Sunday. Prussia's supreme effort was to be one mighty smash somewhere on the eighty-mile line between Beaumont and Hill No. 12. Hundreds of thousands of the kaiser's picked men were to travel by train and truck the night before to this spot, and at the crack of day to come pouring through.

The Teutons were risking all on this stroke. If it failed, then Germany was defeated, for millions of Americans would soon be taking the places of the worn Frenchmen and a future offensive would be impossible. A giant smash at the thin French line, a quick break in the slender Gyke, and the English flank would be turned, the French routed and the road to Paris, which had closed on their drive five years before, would be open. A victorious peace would follow.

THIS much both Von Hindenburg and Marcia knew. But the former knew where on this eighty-mile line the blow would fall; the latter did not, owing to the unfortunate apprehension of Lieutenant Ribot by the German spy catchers.

General Marcia could not hope to stem the Boche flood with cannon. Trenches had been abandoned as useless against artillery six months before. He must find out the point of attack and meet it with men, thousands of men. His front line was held by scant regiments, the bulk of his army being massed ten miles in the rear at a central point, from which they were to be rushed to hurl back the invaders—if they could.

Minister Casteneau alighted from his automobile and descended into the dug-out where General Marcia sat bending over his maps. The soldier and the statesman exchanged solemn, hushed greetings. The latter looked about him. On two sides were wireless operators sitting at their tables. Opposite them were men at telephones communicating with all parts of the field. Before each stood an orderly. The general sat in the center of the room with his aide.

"You see my preparations? It is our only hope," said General Marcia. Thirty minutes before daybreak our airplanes, hundreds of them, will go up. If they can slip through the enemy's squadrons and perceive where he is massing his attack, the wireless will tell me in time, I trust. If not, then we will die with our backs to Paris. That is all we may do."

The minister of war bowed, but said nothing. He looked at the drawn faces gleaming white and tense in the electric light of the cellar. He paced up and

Wherein the spirit of a great Frenchman returns to lend his genius toward the confusion of the foes of his beloved country

down for a time, then ascended into the black night.

The German guns were roaring, as they had roared up and down that eighty-mile front, night and day, for a week. The French guns were replying, but in a puzzled, uncertain key. Every soldier and gunner of the republic was on edge.

M. Casteneau stood by the dugout watching the flare of bursting shells until the first alits of light in the east came. Then he looked upward. He could hear the whirring of innumerable airplane propellers as the French machines took the air. While the blackness of night still held the ground, he saw an airplane, miles high, flash into the yellow sunlight.

Another and another. As the dusk vanished he saw them as a man sees a swarm of gnats two feet before his eyes in the twilight.

Through the field glasses which an officer put into his hands he could see them giving battle to the advance squadrons of the Germans. Now and then one would come to earth in a burst of flame and a thin pillar of smoke. The fight, however, was edging away, farther and farther toward the sky above the battle line. Soon the French armadas of the air would meet the bulk of the German defenders and the great question would be decided.

M. Casteneau grew paler and leaned more heavily against the dugout. Why hadn't he gone aloft with an observer? He, minister of war, forced to wait helplessly while the airmen swooped into the decision.

More machines were falling, each streaking downward in a shining line until the shadow of the earth cut across its course and hid its last moments as though in a sublime exhibition of mercy. He turned and descended into the general's quarters.

Already the wireless messages were coming in from the airplanes. The room was rocking to the clicking of the twenty machines. Orderlies were snatching the bulletins from under the pencils of the operators and throwing them to

the general and his aids. The telephone men were murmuring into their receivers and taking messages from the regimental commanders out on the line.

The general looked up, noted the minister's unspoken question in his face and said:

"Nothing yet! The Boche is pounding on the whole front. He gives no hint of where he will strike. He has literally thousands of machines in the air."

They made room for M. Casteneau at the table. He bent over the fresh bulletins. They were piecing together the story of defeat.

"Observer 44, over Mentelers! Enemy planes in force as yet prevent progress. Fifteen of our machines known to be down," read one under his thumb. The rest were similar.

M. CASTENEAU felt cold doom creeping into his veins. He looked at the general. Fear was in the other man's face, a fear that had never shown itself when bullets whished about his head. He stared fixedly into the minister's eyes.

He swung around toward the telephone operators. They avoided his gaze, dejected at having no news.

"It is most strange that the attack hasn't begun!" said the general.

Ten minutes dragged by, with nothing but the monotonous story of balked aerial observation coming in.

Then from the telephone section came a man's scream, hoarse, tense:

"Germans are coming through at Fortelles, right center. General Dulac requests re-enforcements."

Every man in the room was on his feet, every brain pounding with the question:

"Is it a feint or the real attack?" "Tell him we wait twenty minutes!" cried the general. "Hold the line at all costs!"

His fingers raced through the wireless bulletins. The minister bent beside him. They saw destruction in every line. The French planes were still struggling, but vainly. They were bringing down the

German birdmen in droves, but they could not penetrate far enough or sweep low enough to discern the great secret. Hordes of Teuton planes were sacrificing themselves, crashing deliberately into the French machines in order to keep the republic blind.

One bulletin came, "Observer 227, extreme right. Retiring in face of superior force. Thirty of fifty machines lost." Another, "Observer 225, center. Entire squadron beaten back or lost."

Minister Casteneau sprang to his feet and ran up the ladder. It was day and the sun was shining. The sky was still flecked with the airplanes. Gallant Frenchmen that they were, he thought, they were holding back the German birds of prey even in defeat. He dashed back into the cellar. General Marcia was standing erect, staring at the wall.

"General Dulac is convinced that the attack in his quarter is the main assault," he said. He shrugged his shoulders. "It is all we may do. Do you approve of my ordering the entire army to support him, Minister Casteneau?"

The statesman turned beseechingly to the wireless operators. The machines were silent.

"No hope there, your excellency," said the general. "They have retired. Still strong enough, however, to keep the Germans from coming over our lines."

For a long moment the minister waited. It was deathly still in the room. Then he bent his head.

General Marcia turned to the telephone operators and spoke in a low voice.

"Reserve forces proceed with all haste to the support of General Dulac at Fortelles. All line regiments retire slowly and in order, converging toward general headquarters." Then he sank in his chair.

Through every man's brain ran the thought, "It is too late!"

The telephone operators were murmuring again into their mouthpieces. All else was dumb. The minister of war, looking at the floor, decided.

"With a rifle in my hands, I'll die among the rear guards!"

"Whirr-crack-crack!" A wireless key was spitting and crackling in sudden resurrection. Each man in the room wheeled and strained in his position toward the operator as he crouched over his instrument.

The men at the telephones turned from their work. A thrill went tingling through the dugout. Who could it be? The airplanes were all down or driven back! Who could be sending messages now? The face of the man at the instrument was deadly white. His eyes rolled up to General Marcia's.

"Machine 228. Behind the enemy's lines—"

General Marcia turned to the telephone men:

"Retreat order canceled! Hold all troop movements! Maintain line at all points! Reserve army await further orders!"

The wireless operator's voice took up the message as it came, repeating the words. No time for the writing of bulletins now! His voice rang hollow and strange in the cellar. The machine was spelling the words with a peculiar ringing sound. A chill by some odd chance seized each listener.

"Attack—at-Fortelles but a feint. Real-German-attack—to come at extreme right—at-at-moon."

The man's eyes were closed, his brows drawn, his head was bending backward from the neck.

The key pounded in a muffled, ghost-like measure—

"Marshal Marcia—soldier—of France—"

The general's hand moved stiffly to the salute—he was like a somnambulist.

"Marshal Dulac—will—hold the right center. Mass the Eighth, Thirteenth, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-third legions—on the extreme left—at Beaumont—Crash!" The machine leaped, bounding almost from its stand under the force

The Call of the Drums

By Charles Donald Macrae Urquhart.

RUB a dub, Rub a dub! the drums call down the street,
Rub a dub, Rub a dub! with a quick and fiery beat;
And the eye that hung with a listless look is fiercely blazing now;
Rub a dub, Rub a dub! what a whirling, swirling row!

Rub a dub, Rub a dub! how it sweeps right thru the blood,
Rub a dub, Rub a dub! like a mighty, whelming flood,
Awaking the soul of a nation strong to arm for the coming fray;
Rub a dub, Rub a dub! thus it echoes night and day!

Rub a dub, Rub a dub! it speaks to the thinking brain
Rub a dub, Rub a dub! thru mist and blood and pain;
With drums a-crying, nations dying, the world seems in a swim;
Rub a dub, Rub a dub! 'tis the call to the carnage grim!

Rub a dub, Rub a dub! it sings to the manly heart,
Rub a dub, Rub a dub! with a thrill and a bound and a start;
The love and the hate of a thousand years crowd into a moment of time;
Rub a dub, Rub a dub! it sounds like an angel chime!

Rub a dub, Rub a dub! it's the rallying call for you,
Rub a dub, Rub a dub! 'twill make the world anew;
As it sounds and sounds and sounds thru palace and thru slums,
Rub a dub, Rub a dub! oh, answer the call of the drums!

horses floundered wildly, the dappled survey tilted crazily, and Lorinda screamed: "Zeb! Zeb! Don't go on farther. We'll get drowned, sure!"

The admonition was useless, for they could go no farther, and, despite all Zeb's urging, the hard-bitted horses settled the matter by circling back to the shore they had just left. Zeb, uttering language that made Lorinda put her hands to her ears, beat the loosened spokes into their sockets and tied them in place with bale-ropes.

"Wal," said he with a deep sigh, "guess we'll have to go over that bridge after all." Then he meditated a moment. "Look a here, Lorindy, you jes drive back alone and pay him a dollar an' then come along down on the other side an' I'll meet you over there in the road."

"You mean you're a goin' to try to swim across?" she cried protestingly.

"Swim nothin'! Why, that water ain't three feet deep," he said smugly. "If it hadn't been for that fool horse we could sure have forded it all right."

"Mebbe," said the bride respectfully. "But it's awful swift. And then falls down there! It's sure swift, Zeb."

"That water! Aw, that ain't goin' at a dog-trot." And to his dollar-saving eye it did not seem to be running very fast.

"Wal, all right," said Lorinda, as she picked up the reins; "but I'm afraid you'll—"

"Why, if it'll make yuh feel any better, I'll take the stake-ropes an' hitch it to myself, an' yuh can tie the other end to a tree or somethin'."

"That would be more safe-like," assented his bride. "Where's the dollar to pay the man?"

Zeb fished out an old buckskin bag, bulging with coins, and handed it to her.

"You better take this money," he said. "I might lose it in the water. He, mighty keeful—there's nearly \$400 in the sack."

She took it and drove back to the bridge. The tollkeeper looked at the wet wheels and grinned.

"Couldn't make it, could yuh?" he said, grinning again. "Where's yer old man?"

"Oh, he'll be along after a while," said Lorinda.

She paid the man the dollar and drove across the bridge.

Now, Lorindy," cried Zeb from where he stood by the stream with the horse's tethering rope firmly tied about his waist, "you jes hitch the end o' this rope an' tie it to that little tree over there, and I'll wade across all right."

"I don't like this foolishness o' little bit," protested Lorinda when for the third time the rope-end floated away from her grasp.

"Wal, I'll wade in a little farther, an' then yuh can sure reach it," he said, as he splashed waist deep into the swift, cold stream.

Even Jean Lorinda found that the rope floated away from her when he threw it. So she waded out from her side.

"Hurry up!" she yelled. "This water's colder'n icebergs, an' I ain't got no wader swimmer. Of all the blamed fool things!"

"Hurry! That's the time yuh ought to be swimmin'!" cried Zeb with chattering teeth as Lorinda waded the end of the rope at last. "Now, jes hold it tight, an' I'll—gee whittaker! Hold tight!"

• • •

HE WAS up to his armpits now in the angry water, waving like an amateur equilibrist on his first tight rope.

"Oh, Zeb! Zeb!" shrieked the bride as her husband, borne off his feet by the torrential tide, splashed into the water like a fish and swung precariously toward the falls.

"Pull me in!" he gulped when his head rose above the water. "Pull—pull! Can't yuh pull?"

Lorinda pulled, she yanked, she strained to her work like a Jerryk engine; but her unwieldy bridegroom could not be budged against the ravenous wretch of the current. Moreover, she felt herself being hauled farther and farther into the water.

"I can't hold you, Zeb!" she cried in terror. "I'm slipping—I'm—"

Of a sudden she splashed down into the water, and the rope pulled loose from her hands. As she floundered back through the shallows to the bank she yelled:

"Help! Help!"

Zeb was being whisked toward the falls at trolley speed.

Lorinda shrieked and wrung her hands, while her terror-stricken eyes followed the current-borne bridegroom.

Zeb was nearing the falls and seemed death-bent and irrecoverable; but out of the blankness of her despair suddenly loomed a glint of hope. In midstream, twenty yards above the falls, was a large flat rock that stuck up a few inches above the crazy flood; and Zeb was being borne aloft in its direction, though he would miss it unless he could paddle himself a little to the right.

Did he see the rock? Yes, for now he began to flounder toward it, working his bony arms like mad. Lorinda held her breath while he neared the blessed islet, clutched the rough rock with his hands, drew himself up, and fell wearily down upon its flat top. Saved!

this when the snow's meltin' up in the mountains. She's a real goin' to be fast."

He looked out to where Zeb, standing forlornly upon the rock, was squirming anxiously as he looked down at the up-belling stream, which was now lapping the soles of his shoes.

"Hey, there!" yelled the castaway wildly. "Ketch this rope an' pull me ashore!"

He made a despairing fling of the stake-ropes—a very neat throw, considering his shaking hand. The giant coolly



"I knowed yuh, all right, you old skin; an' if I'm goin' to pull on that rope an' haul in your mean, stingy old carcass I've got to be paid for it."

"Thank the Lord!" cried Lorinda. "And now I must get somebody to come an' help git him off. The rope will reach, but it's goin' to be a mighty hard pull." She ran back to the bridge and panted forth to the tollkeeper the story of her husband's plight.

"I kinder expected he'd git into trouble," said the man unsympathetically. "He's in sure big luck that he ain't been ground to tatters by them falls!"

"Can't you come and help git him ashore?" pleaded Lorinda. "We was just married this mornin', an'—"

"I'll see," said the toll-man noncommittally.

He followed after her at a normal pace, puffing calmly at his pipe and seeming determined not to get excited over a little thing like a castaway bridegroom. When he reached the river's edge he gazed apathetically up and down the stream.

"There he is, Mr. Toll-man," cried the half-hysterical bride; "right over there on that rock."

"So I observe," said the giant, placidly blowing the cold tobacco smoke.

"Ain't you goin' to try to help him?" implored Lorinda.

"Do yuh think he's worth savin'?" drawled the man of tolls. "I think the less the is o' them kind the better."

"What do you mean?" fired up the bride.

"Wal, nothin', only—wal, that new husband o' yours is the kind o' man who likes to grind people. I know him, all right, though he didn't remember me when he saw me at the gate. He played it low down on me once, an'—"

"I'm sorry," broke in Lorinda. "But don't you see, the water's raisin' and there ain't much time? It's nearly over the top o' the rock. It's raisin' fast!"

"Yes," returned the toll-man calmly. "That's a habit it has on hot days like

caught it and tied the end to a little bush that bent down over the water; but instead of hauling away, he stood with his hands in his pockets, staring indifferently.

"Ain't yuh goin' to pull me ashore?" yelled Zeb. "Hurry up! The water's comin' up mighty fast. It'll have me off'n here 'fore long!"

"That's right," deliberately called back the giant. "An' yuh can't pull yerself in, can yuh? Yer arms is too weak. But yuh wasn't too weak to take advantage o' Jake Kern, up to Upper Garrote, six years ago last winter, was yuh? Yuh was strong enough to foreclose the mortgage on that little white house o' his down by the stamp mills, while he was sick an' out o' work, an' his wife was nursin' him, eh? Yuh was strong enough to sell him out o' house an' home, an' gouge him on the interest an' the taxes, an' make him lose his little \$300—everything he had in God's world. D'yuh remember that?"

• • •

WHAT you got to do with my business?" cried back Zeb with shaking voice. "Hurry up and pull me ashore. I can't stand it here. I'm cold all the way through, an' the water's over my feet."

"Yes, an' my wife was cold, too, that day when yuh put us out o' that house. It was snowin'—d'yuh remember? Yes, I'm Jake Kern. I've growed these since I left Garrote." He stroked his whiskers. "Yuh didn't recognize me over to the bridge; but I knowed you, all right, you old skin; an' if I'm goin' to pull on that rope an' haul in your mean, stingy old carcass I've got to be paid for it."

"Paid! How much?" cried Zeb, looking strangely and then rememberingly at the man. "Hurry, hurry! It's over my ankles now! How much?"

"Yuh can pay me an even \$24—what

yuh made me lose by skinnin' me out o' my house when I was sick, you old loan shark! That'll jest make us square, I guess."

Agony sat upon the face of Zeb Witherspoon, for money was his life-blood, and—\$300! It was turning the knife in the wound. For a moment he glared like a trapped wolf across the water at the toll-man.

"Oh, pay it!" cried Lorinda. "The water's nearly up to your knees. I'll hand it to him! There's more'n that in the sack;" and she began to count out the gold.

"No! No! Don't yuh do it!" cried the loan shark. "I'll pull myself ashore."

He grasped the line. "Look out you don't pull it away from that little bush!" warned the toll-man. "If it tore out by the roots, where'd you land?"

"Give yuh a hundred and fifty!" cried Zeb, letting go the slack of the line.

The master of the situation shook his head.

"Two hundred!" cried Zeb. Another head shake.

"Oh, Zeb!" screamed Lorinda. "You'll be drowned! Let me pay him the three hundred. You owe it to him, anyway. Let me pay it!"

"Two hundred and fifty!" wailed Mr. Witherspoon through his chattering teeth.

The toll-man turned his broad back with the simplicity of a monarch and took three steps toward the road. By this time the water was nearly to Zeb's waist, and he was wabbling treacherously upon the rock, for the current was running swifter than ever because of its rise.

"Take yer three hundred!" he groaned despairingly. "Pay it over to him, Lorindy. Pay it quick!"

Lorinda thrust the \$300 into the giant's hand. He counted it and put it into his pocket with a grim smile.

"That squares us," he said simply.

Then he turned, seized the rope and hauled Zeb, splashing and gurgling, to the bank. As he came ashore the toll-man seized him by the coat collar and yanked him out upon dry ground. Then he gathered some wood and bones and built a blazing fire, before which Zeb, his wet face blue and pinched, was soon warming and drying himself.

"Wal, Lorindy, this ends the weddin' trip," said Zeb, looking ruefully after the departing giant and then at his bride, who was drying her skirt at the fire. "But I didn't want to go on it, no-how."

"Now, look a here, Zebedee Witherspoon!" cried Lorinda with a scornful frown. "This ain't the end o' that weddin' trip, not by a jugful! We're goin' to git dried out, then we're goin' to drive right back to town, and you're goin' to hire the best rig in Lang's livery stable, and we're goin' to start out on this honeymoon in decent, respectable style—no toll dodgin', no crackers an' cheese, no ginger-snaps, but the best meals that's to be had in the best hotels along the road. An' I don't want to hear no more about your grindin' down poor folks an' givin' 'em no chance to pay off their mortgages, neither!"

"Lorindy!" he groaned.

"Yes, Lorindy—your lawful, wedded wife, who ain't a goin' to stan' for no close-fisted penuriousness after waitin' fifteen years for you to make up your mind you could afford to marry me, when you had thousands o' dollars in the bank all the time, an' pinchin' more out o' poor people like Jake Kern. No wonder they call you a loan shark!"

"Wal, all right, Lorindy," he agreed gracefully; "I guess I have been a little tight. I tell yuh what we'll do. We'll go back to town an' put up at Huber's Hotel, an' I'll order a chicken dinner, with oysters an'—an' everything!"

They drove across the bridge, past the big, grinning gatekeeper, who said nothing, but laughed as the sorry old survey swung along the road.

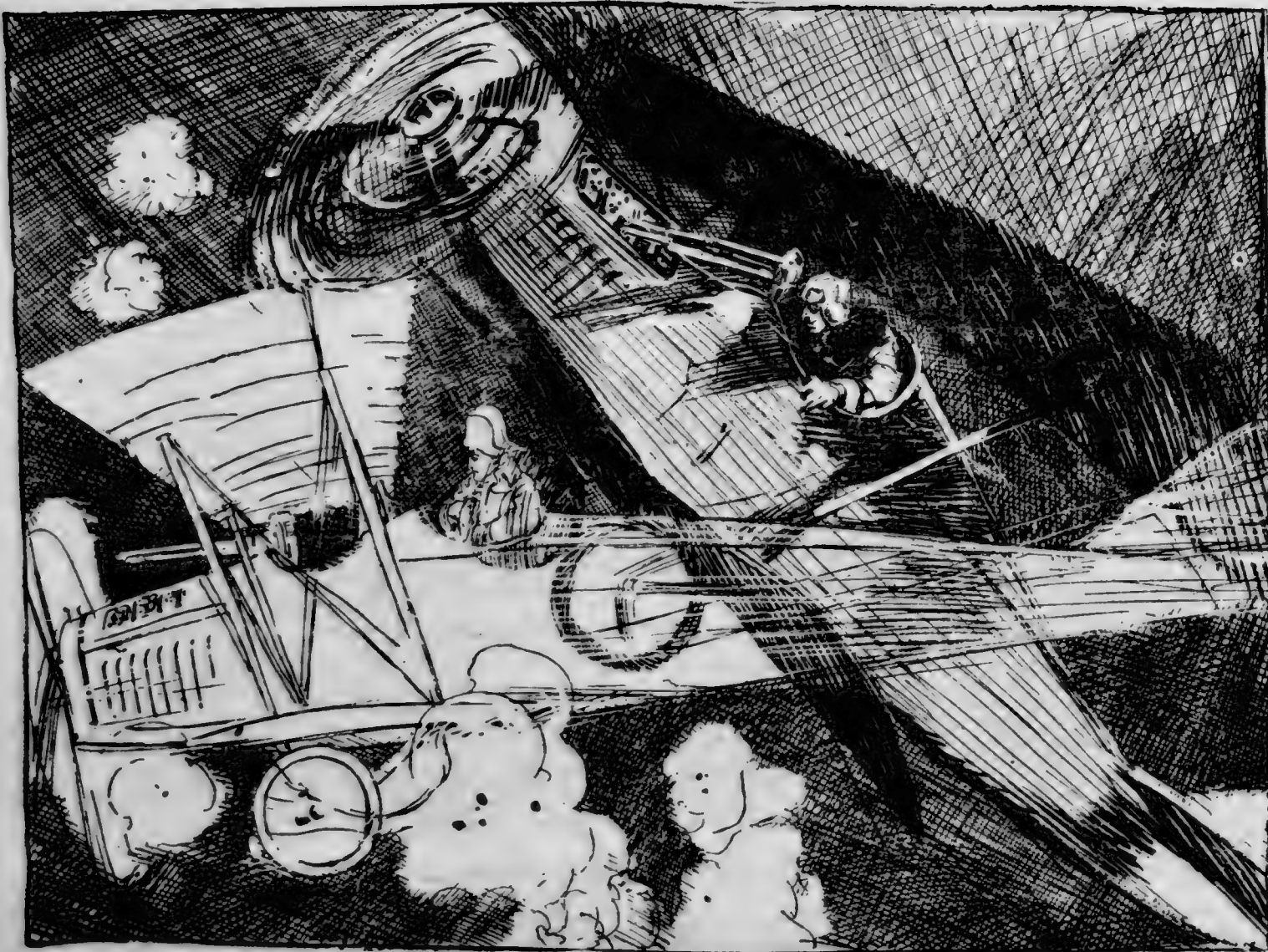
When they returned to the bridge, next day, the toll man grinned again and wondered as he looked at the shining wheels of Lang's "best rig."

"Goin' to pay toll this time, Mr. Witherspoon," he asked with a grin, "or be yuh goin' to wade across?"

"Guess I'll pay," said Zeb, gritting his teeth a little as he handed over the \$2.

"Yes, it's cheaper," said the toll-man suavely. "Gentle pays not to try to git too fur ahead o' folks, speashly up here in the mountains. That's a nice rig yuh got there!"

Zeb made no reply, but drove on across the bridge, sitting stiffly erect by the side of his bride. He was thinking.



with which the current, pounding and jerking, came through the wires. The noise of it filled the room. The operator, with his chalky face streaming with perspiration, swayed to his feet and a commanding ring came into his voice—

"Mass—all reserve legions—behind—end—attack—immediately at Besant. Carry the eagles to the Rhine—Marshal Marcin—and sweep—the Prussians—into—the North—Sea. Charge—and—France—is—saved!"

The operator's words closed in a scream and he crumpled in a faint across his silent instrument.

The minister of war and the general in uniform swung around to the telephone men. They were not waiting for their officer's orders, but were repeating the wireless commands out over the eighty-mile line.

General Marcin hung over them for half an hour, sending his army into the new alignment, sometimes seizing a telephone to ruthlessly force a protesting officer to make the seemingly insane movement. No explanations did he give to the bitterly objecting men of the line.

• • •

THE minister of war sat stupidly staring at the wireless instrument as the men cared for his unconscious operator. He heard dimly the general crying into the telephone:

"No, Marshal Dulac, I am neither mad nor a traitor! Obey orders! Hold their attack! It will cease in thirty minutes!"

The minister of war sat with wide eyes, seeing somewhere in the heavens a solitary French airplane winging its epochal way through scores of enemy machines. Only a gallant, intrepid fighter. Why should his words have cast so strange a spell over those who received them? Was his information correct? Were they right in believing him—in casting the die on his orders? Why had he commanded instead of suggested? He had not reported, he had ordered, like Marcin's superior officer and the general—all of them, in fact—had not questioned

"My machine went right through his! Through his, do you hear?"

his right. Would the French attack en masse on the extreme left be in time to prevent the grand German assault?

Castenau's brain, coming out of the trance, began to whirl and his mind to grow hysterical with questions. He paced the floor. Orderlies were racing up and down the stairs, bearing orders and reports. Telephones were buzzing, Marcin and his aide guiding the offensive, their fingers on every motion of the great army that was sweeping upon the German line, sweeping too rapidly for the concentrated German troops far to the right to turn and meet.

For two hours the minister of war hung tortuously on the soldiers' reports. Then he collapsed into a chair. The assault had won! It had smashed through the German line, found no reserves to meet it, had swept on, had been followed by division after division, which had rolled down to the right, flanking the Teuton forces, routing them, driving them headlong, scattering the main forces, pocketing brigade after brigade in hopeless traps, sweeping the whole eighty-mile front with undreamed of fury.

To the north and east the English, learning of the victory, were attacking. They, too, catching the Boche in a panic, were routing him at every stand. Within twenty-four hours France would be clear of all Germans save the thousands of prisoners. Within another day's time the conquering allies would be in Germany and far into Belgium. It would be the end of the war.

That night a young French surgeon in a corner of an emergency hospital was working over a captured German aviator, mending his broken leg. The prisoner was hampering him, gripping his arm and talking interminably. He was saying:

"I'm not crazy! You must listen to me! I lived in Paris ten years before the war. I know you French. Listen to me! You won today because of one airplane. I was on its trail for three hours before you French came through on our right. Listen to me! Please wait a moment! It alone of all your planes got

through—past us. We beat the others back. Not one could fly far or low enough to learn where we planned to strike, save only this machine. It went higher than the rest. I, on the top line, met him. He evaded me; he went higher. I was directly behind him. I could see, below me, my fellows beating your men back. I could see the two men in the plane before me. I shot the wireless operator to death. When the pilot swerved the man's corpse fell sprawling down 15,000 feet. Still your man went higher, and I following, pouring my machine gun fire around him. You must listen to me!"

• • •

THE young French surgeon tried to force the patient down upon his back, pushing heavily on his shoulders. "Fool, be quiet, or I leave your leg unbound, to be cut off in the morning!" he snapped.

But the German went on feverishly: "Higher and still higher! My head grew light. I could scarcely breathe. The air was flaring and full of blazing fire. My enemy was pointing straight upward, and he pitched on until I could follow no farther. He was big before me—then suddenly he went out of sight. Something swallowed him up. I don't know what it was. I thought it was a great flaring gate, so golden and gleaming that I could not read my aching eyes upon it. I do not know. Something hid him."

"Then he was before me again, shooting down. Mein Gott! There was some one with him—some one in the wireless operator's seat. A black figure. Two black figures. No, did I say two?—one—only a black figure at the wireless key—no pilot! I tell you—there was no pilot—he was gone! Down the machine went, whizzing past me! I turned and dropped after him. I threw on the power, adding two miles to every minute that I fell to the earth's pull. But I could not overtake him. Always he was scudding just ahead, in plain sight. I aimed full at the figure at the operator's seat. I sent a stream of bullets—through him—not around him or past him, but I fell you, through him—and still he sat there. We flashed down over the battle lines so far behind that my fellows did not see. They had their hands full holding your eyes shut. I do not blame them. But we coursed up and down our

lines all morning long, and I knew that he was seeing everything, that he was sending you the secrets that were going to win the war for us. I saw him note our concentration, our fake attack at Fortelles. I saw him mark our weakness at Besant—where you attacked and won. But I could not stop him! His machine headed me not, merely veering deftly when I sought to smash my own into it and bring both down together.

"Listen to me! I speak the truth. I am afraid; I was afraid then. Just as your hellions came through, tearing our thin line to pieces, I made one last effort. I swung up above him, looped the loop before him and came swinging back up—side down straight into his face. A minute I seemed to hang there, seeing everything—the number on the machine—328—the brown fan made by the propeller and his face.

"I'm not mad! I swear that what I tell you is true! You know who he was—who else could it be? No, you can't force me down! Listen to me! I fear to say his name! I can't make myself say it! Don't you know who it was?—a short, fat man in a great coat—not an aviator—in a French uniform—the kind they wore one hundred years ago—one hand shoved in his breast. He didn't see me—he was frowning and looking down—don't you know now? Aren't you a Frenchman?"

The young surgeon laid down his splints and wrappings in disgust.

"Corporal!" he called, "bring the ether! Here's a Boche that will not be still! Now, I'll fix you!" he added, glowering at the frantic German.

"But listen to me," the wounded man pleaded, his eyes wild. "He had—on his head—a high, flat hat—a three-cornered hat—a hat like no one else ever wore—and below it, on his forehead, a long lock of hair came down. Now you know! You must know! I saw him face to face; my machine went right through his! Through his, do you hear? And he didn't fall, but I fell!"

"Why won't you listen to me—I have seen—!" A dry, cackling sob shook him; his eyes started from his head; he threw out an arm and died across the young surgeon's arm.

"Never mind the ether," the Frenchman called. "Very strange," he mused, "dying from that broken leg. Probably had a liff on the head, too. He talked like it." And he pulled the sheet over the dead man's face and went on to the next cot, whistling pleasantly to himself.

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he turned to look at Myra, and she met his incredulous eyes. Such a bitter, black look, as though she were a stranger to him; as though all his fine conceptions of her were suddenly gone from him.

She shrank, a pain upon her so cruel that her hands went to her heart and pressed hard, as though to still so terrible a ravage. The very meaning of Daniel for her seemed, with his harsh, condemning look, to have been lifted out of him—to die and turn to dust.

He stood up, kicking over his chair with a savage lunge. Then he turned upon Myra.

"You broke a sacred promise!" he cried out upon her.

She put out her hands, and then rose, very unsteadily. The color was quite gone from her face; the life quite drained out of her. She seemed a shell, to com-

pleting the shell of Daniel—both warped and shrunken.

So they stood till of a sudden Daniel walked toward the door. There he was arrested, for Myra called out:

"Wait!"

He turned.

"What I've thought of you was not true at all," she began, and the anguish in her voice was more than tears. Then with a passionate gesture she tore her wedding ring from her finger, flinging it at his feet. It fell with a queer metallic sound.

Daniel's face quivered, but he did not speak.

Myra's voice rang out:

"If my promise to the dead is binding upon me, then my marriage to you is void!"

Then he started forward; life seemed

to flow back into him with a swiftness that must have hurt him keenly.

"Myra!" he cried; "Myra! What do you mean?"

But that part of him that had returned to her seemed not to matter to Myra. She answered him:

"The dead is not interested in a promise. But now the living, on whom I poured my love and my life—the living in whom I believed with all my soul—would hold me to that promise, condemn me for having broken my oath!"

And now fear came into his eyes, fear and anguish that he was about to lose that glorious love Myra had lavished upon him; that love that had made him a king in his sphere. And the fear deepened as she said:

"I have swung myself back

It was true. By some spiritual law

erage she seemed to have moved herself quite out of his circle. And feeling this, his eyes were widened by a prayer. But it availed him nothing. For Myra stood untouched by his remorse. In one wretched moment he had been false to his highest qualities, and had harshly judged the being who lavished so gloriously upon him.

Yes, it was all hopeless now. How could Myra have so delicate a genius for love and survive a sword's cut?

"Myra!" he cried again. But something great and vital was gone, leaving her a white and self-contained woman, with no blaze of color and intense belief to warm and lift.

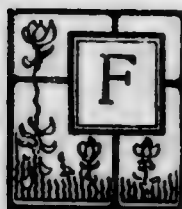
And Daniel, facing this depleted woman, knew that he had killed in her that which in all the world he most cherished.

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THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

By Bailey Millard

Illustrated by P. McNelly



OR the life of him Mr. Witherspoon didn't see how he could afford it, but Lorinda had positively insisted upon a wedding journey to the Yosemite. They were both past 50, and after a

long courtship were about to be married.

"I've lived up here in these foothills all my life, Zeb," said the bride-to-be, "and I ain't never seen the valley. Folks come thousands o' miles to see it, an' it ain't more'n sixty from here by the Oak Flat road. I'd jest like to take a peek at the Bridal Veil, if I don't git to see nothin' else."

"Bridal Veil!" protested the tight-fisted Zeb. "I sh'd think you'd have enough o' that at the weddin'!"

Lorinda blushed. Zeb, who had figured very closely on what the wedding was going to cost him, feared that the Yosemite would be very expensive; but Lorinda had made up her mind, and in his fifteen years' courtship of her he had found out what that meant. Besides, she knew he had plenty of money in bank, or out on mortgage, and that he could afford it well enough.

So a week before the wedding he put in a whole day cleaning up an old rusty-tired, dish-wheeled surrey, with flapping top, which had been used for a hen roost, and which had been lent to him by a blacksmith who had concluded that it wasn't worth fixing up. Then he had hired a knock-kneed, moth-eaten man of uncertain age—about as weird a beast as ever looked through a collar.

When the people of Upper Garrot gathered to the wedding in the little church the rig stood out in the lawn

Zeb had everything figured down to the last cent, but he neglected to count on a few incidentals which changed the whole affair

the bridal couple. Zeb had taken out the back seat and stuffed the rickety wagon box full of blankets and provisions, with a big bag of oats for the horse. He sighed when he thought of what all this was costing him. It was six months' interest on quite a good sized loan.

But when he kissed his bride and helped her into the wagon, and they drove away amid a shower of rice and old shoes that made the ancient roan spring forward abruptly, and sent a thrill of life along the back of the old surrey, he said to himself:

"Darn the expense! Folks don't git married every day!"

So along the rocky Oak Flat road they rattled and swayed, and up the foothills they tottered, until they got among the pines. Here they were touched of crackers, cheese and ginger-breads under a tree near a spring, and Zeb was over his hump.

ABOUT 2 o'clock in the afternoon they came in sight of the gleaming, yawning chasm, and Zeb became thoughtful. For the river had to be crossed, and a man at the toll-bridge would want 50 cents at least, and perhaps more.

They rattled down the grade to the bridge, prettily as among the pines. Zeb saw that the toll-gate was closed, and nobody in sight he took heart.

Why couldn't he drive quietly across and be that much to the good? But hardly had the old roan stuck his ugly nose out upon the bridge before the gate, swung by some unseen device, banged to, and a big, middle-aged mountaineer with a short chin stepped out of a box by the roadside and said:

"Toll, please!"

The horse stopped short and backed a little to avoid the gate.

"How much is it?" asked Zeb apprehensively.

"Two dollars—dollar for each passenger."

"Two dollars!" cried the bridegroom. "Go 'long! Two dollars jest to go across this little bridge! Give yuh a dollar, that's all it's wuth!"

"No, two," insisted the big man, holding his shirt-sleeved arms. "Tain't jest for the bridge. It's for thirty miles o' road, too."

"Two dollars jest to cross this little bridge!" repeated Zeb, ignoring the highway addendum. "A dollar apiece! Why yuh ain't chargin' for ladies, be yuh?"

"That's what I am," said the gate-keeper unsympathetically. "Dollar for each person."

"Guess I'll walk over an' let yuh drive, Lorinda," said Zeb, turning to his bride.

"That won't make no difference to the toll," said the big man, folding his big arms a little tighter.

"What?" gasped Zeb, wide-eyed. "You'd charge a man for walkin' across that bridge?"

"That's what I would," said the keeper placidly.

"Wal, dog my cats! Two dollars for—"

Then, Zeb's eye wandered along the river bank. The shallow stream, shrunk on by the dry summer season, suggested something to his mind. Why not take that side road leading down there, and, when out of sight of this exacting man of exorbitant tolls, simply ford the river and drive into the main road again?

"Wal," he said, turning his horse, "if you're a goin' to charge such a whoppin' big price, I ain't a goin' to cross yer old bridge. Don't believe it's safe, nohow. Looks purty rotten to me."

"Ad right," smiled the big man pleasantly. "The ain't no law to make yuh cross the bridge; only if yeh're thinkin' about fordin' the river, yuh'll have find it a tough proposition."

"Never you mind what I'm a thinkin' of," said Zeb. "Aint goin' to charge for my thoughts, be yuh? Giddap, now."

HE "giddaped," and soon the old surrey was out of sight down the side road. Zeb sat, what he thought was a favorable place to ford the stream, with the main road just across by a low bank.

"This is all right," he said, with a bright smile upon his wrinkled face. "Chargin' \$2 for this small outfit to go across a rotten old bridge! Why, Zeb, I'd bid out \$13 for the whole trip!"

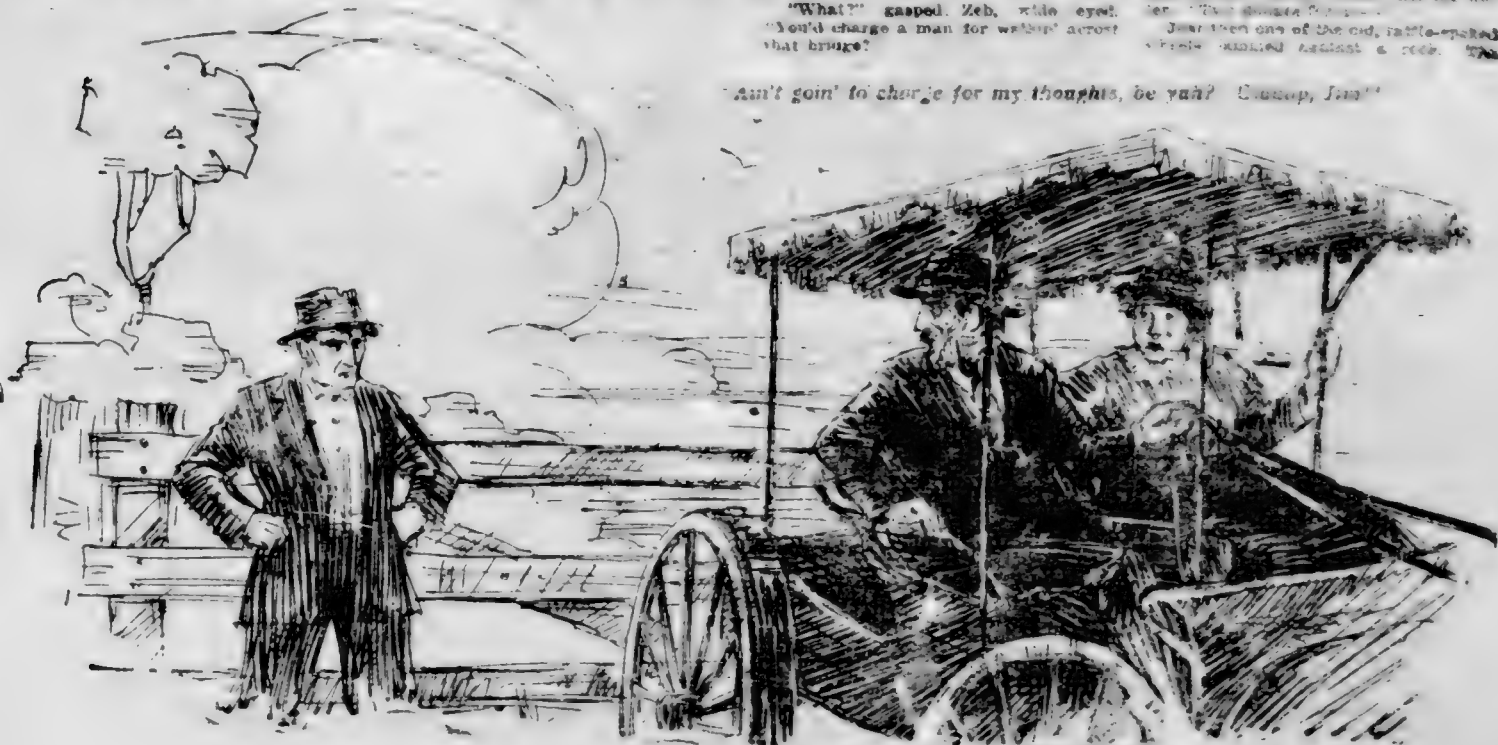
"Yes," suggested Lorinda, "but, Zeb, don't you think it looks a little little dangerous?"

For the swift water rushed before them, and there were only rocks in mid-stream, while not far below tumbled a waterfall.

"Dangerous!" snorted Zeb. "Course I know what I'm a doin'! And he brought the whip down upon the reins, just as the water, after a few vicious side-swings, suddenly washed into the water."

Just then one of the old, rattle-spoked wheels struck against a rock. The

"Aint goin' to charge for my thoughts, be yuh? Giddap, now!"





In the World of Woman

How One Ontario Woman Made Good Progress in Western Canada

(By E. Kingsmill Morgan)

She was an Ontario girl, who married an Englishman and went out West to live on a ranch in Alberta. John Lenox was a decent sort, but of the easy-going class.

Being of the old school, he considered that his wife's advice should be considered only in matters connected with the kitchen and household. He owned a herd of cattle and a multitude of hens on which he had never realized much, owing to the ranch being a tremendous distance from a railway station and his inability to handle the situation. And so life dragged along with monotony.

Then came the war, and John Lenox heard the call. His first resolve was to leave the ranch and take his wife and child to England. This proposition the Canadian girl laughed at. There was work for her to do in Canada. When she suggested staying on the ranch and working it, Lenox grew wrathful, but at last he went, and she stayed.

For two years Ruth Lenox worked and planned. She had now matters in her own hands, and she was going to see to what use she could put her brains. The hens she decided to sell. With the money obtained, to which she added some of her own savings, she purchased sheep. The enterprise was a great success, for she succeeded in securing prize cattle from a ranchman who was selling out in order that he might return to England. In all her letter-writing she had determined to refer as little as possible to her management of the ranch. She kept an accurate account of all her finances and, with her mother's aid, made startling progress as a ranchwoman. Early this summer John Lenox was seriously wounded. For weeks he lay in a hospital in England, having lost his right leg. And through all those weary weeks his thoughts were ever and always in Canada, wondering what the future held for him and how it could be met with little money saved and a considerable mortgage hanging over the ranch. And then little Ruth! What would become of her? For of course the ranch must go.

He longed to see Ruth, but he dreaded the home-coming. Almost incapacitated and nothing left. At Arrowhead station she waited for the train. There was an expression almost of triumph in her eyes. Her mother sat on the back seat with little Ruth tucked in behind a scarlet blanket.

John Lenox hobbled off and was soon enveloped in a variety of sets of arms.

"And how—how have you managed?" he said as they rolled along the level country road.

"O, so-so," said the wife, carelessly.

"It's been an awful struggle, I know," he went on bravely.

"Not half the struggle that you've gone through, John," she answered.

"But where will we go when we leave the ranch, girl? Right now it has about eaten its head off with back debts." He spoke almost desperately and he wondered how Ruth could laugh. "It's a matter of taste where we move to," she said, lightly whipping.

THINGS TO REMEMBER

To clean rusty fatrons rub them with beeswax and lard.

A good furniture polish is made from equal parts of linseed oil, turpentine and vinegar.

To clean matting, cover with cornmeal and wash with a flannel cloth dipped in warm water and wrung out well. Wipe dry.

Place a silver spoon in glass jars or tumblers before pouring in hot liquid or fruit, to prevent them from breaking.

To remove grease from wallpaper, place a blotting paper over the stain and press with hot iron.

An easy way to sprinkle clothes is to attach the fine sprayer to the garden hose and sprinkle them while hanging on the line.

To clean copper, rub with a cut lemon dipped in salt, dry with a soft flannel cloth and then polish with a cloth saturated with olive oil.

To tighten a machine band that has become slightly stretched, put a few drops of castor oil on the band and run the machine for a few moments, and the belt will be tight again.

Ed McKean

"What is the chief aim of J.J. Bling's existence?"

"Making money."

"But he's always hard up."

ping up the horses. "John, I've doubled the population of the ranch. Perhaps you'll feel overcrowded."

He turned and looked at her in a puzzled sort of way. She drove along in silence for a moment and then burst out: "But what's the use, John, I can't keep it any longer. The ranch is paying like a gold mine, and I've a written offer in the house from a man from Saskatoon—an offer of fifty thousand dollars for the place. And so—if you can't bear the thought of being over-crowded by several hundred head of sheep why, we can sell out and move into town and live like fighting cocks for the rest of our lives." For some time nothing broke the stillness, but the faint chirp of a drowsy bird.

John Lenox slipped his arm around his wife's waist. He tried to speak, but something in his throat caught his breath and seemed to choke him. In the gathering dusk Ruth drew his face down to hers.

The Idea

"I wonder what made Miss Prim swoon at the garden party?"

"I think it was a faint hope of attracting attention."

THE LONESOME TIME O' NIGHT

There is sometimes in the evenin' jist beyant the sidge of day

When the whippoorwill is "whippoorwillin" yender in the gum,

An' the cattle air a-shankin' in their shifless sort o' way,

An' most ever'thing that's kumpany is sort o' laid out dumb—

Oh, it's then a feller's feelin's seem t' sum-how gee an' haw.

An' there's sumpin' seems t' bubble up an' clog his wizen tight—

Mother takes my hand in hera an' she kind o' whispers: "Paw,

Ain't this a lonesome time o' night."

Round the house there's shadders flitten—we can't see 'em, maw er me,

But there's sumpin' tells the both of us they hover 'round our chair—

Of a little brood o' childurn Heaven sent t' sich as we,

An' we loved 'em O so happy-like untwell He took 'em There!

An' it left us sort o' gropin' for the things we cudn't see;

Though I'm past a-faultin' Providence, it didn't seem jist right—

An' I know that maw thinks on it when she whispers low t' me:

"Ain't this a lonesome time o' night." —John D. Wells.

Theory Fleming Says

"Is Miss Howies an obliging singer?"

"Oh, yes; half the time she refuses to sing."

'CHARGE IT' IS ONE CAUSE OF HIGH PRICES

Much Frenzied Finance on Part of the Charger When Bills Come

The high cost of living! What a bogey it has become. "Charge it, please," says the ubiquitous merchant. But so also is the housekeeper's war against a community and a nation: "Oh, charge it, please."

"Charge it, please" is a phrase that is so often on the lips of the young housekeeper, says Louise Morris in the current issue of *Everywoman's World*.

"It is so easy to buy when no money is passed over the counter. Merchants like that kind of customer. They encourage them; but you young housekeepers, and old ones, too—for the young 'chargers' become old 'chargers' in time, since we develop either our good or bad characteristics with the years—just stop a moment and think that we get nothing for nothing. We have to pay in this world for everything we get; we pay in tears, in regrets, in remorse, for all our mistakes. We pay eventually in coin of the realm for all we buy of material goods; the day of reckoning is bound to come, and then, as Kipling says, we 'pay, pay, pay.' But that is a phase that we often forget. One admires, one buys, and then 'charge it' is so much easier than going to one's pocketbook.

"Now you women who, day by day, buy on credit, do you know that you are not buying, but only borrowing from those merchants who sell you their goods? So many women buy and intend to pay 'next month,' and then 'next month' sometimes becomes 'next year.'

"Paradoxically speaking, if you have the cash to pay today, then only is it permissible to buy on credit. Only the very wealthy, of which the percentage is so small, can afford to have charge accounts.

"Suppose a woman does select her own goods?

"She goes into the butcher's. 'How much are turkeys this morning?' 'Twenty-five cents a pound.' 'All right, I'll have that one'—possibly a ten-pounder—'just charge it, please.' Now if she had to take \$2.50 out of her purse she might have thought, '25¢ for two days' dinners how awful! I'll get something less expensive.' Two dollars and fifty cents makes a good hole in a pocket these days, but 'charge it' makes not the slightest indentation on the lips.

"Of course, eventually these bills must be paid, and they are by dint of much frenzied finance on the part of the charger."

The article continues with detailed reasons why this practice is a measure of extravagance, a cause for the high cost of living. Miss Morris concludes with a caution to the would-be young housekeeper:

"What young man starting out in business does so without counting the cost and laying careful plans for the future? He does not trust to father to take up the notes or to help him out with a fifty-dollar check if he runs short; and if you want to be a good home-maker you must make a business of housekeeping."

USE BEEF FAT.

If your pocketbook is light, economize on butter by using beef fat.

Soak beef suet in cold water overnight, drain and put in an iron kettle with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk to each pound of the suet. It should be cooked slowly till the sound of boiling entirely ceases. When slightly cooled, carefully pour into jars.

This fat has no unpleasant taste or odor and with a pinch of salt can be used on bread as well as for cooking.

An old-fashioned method of clearing fat from the soup kettle or from cooked meats, so that it may be used in the kitchen is to add the hot fat to a quart of cold water, pour into a bowl and let cook for an hour or more. When cold, the cake of fat is removed and the clear water poured off. The small particles of meat, etc., should be strained away and the water clean fat saved. If the flavor or color of both are not satisfactory the process may be repeated several times. Another method which is often recommended is to cook a number of slices of raw meat



Paper costumes are always among the handsomest at Halloween masquerades and dances because of the brilliance of the colors. They are selected also because they are easy to make and are very inexpensive.

The young lady illustrated has on a witch's hat made in the following manner:

Make a light wire ring the size desired for the brim; crease a fold of crepe paper across the grain, then draw this double piece around the wire ring with the creased edge against the wire; stretch the paper a little, evenly and then paste at the joining. Make a cornucopia of crepe paper the size of the head at the opening, and as tall as you wish; fit it on for a crown and paste into place. Turn the hat with bands of orange crepe and a pumpkin face. An ordinary mask may be made into a witch's face by covering with crushed brown crepe paper and adding a large nose and "fringe" hair.

To make the costume worn by the young lady, sew a patch of light yellow crepe paper with fringe of orange crepe over it across the bottom of the slip used as a foundation. This suggests corn silk. Paste two widths of orange crepe together for the pumpkin skirt. Use two thicknesses, then rather the lower edges together, and sew them along the top of the yellow fringe. Turn them back and sew up to the waist line. If necessary, to make the pumpkin stand out round, hang two wire hooks by strings from the waist line at equal distances apart. Make a vest like a skirt, using brown crepe paper; cover the waist with green crepe, then add a with leaves. Larger leaves in panner effect are used over the hips. Corn tassels

She tore her wedding ring from her finger.



now, and you must fulfill your word."

"Please, Mr. Daniel, I want no coaxing of the man I love," the girl spoke with pride.

"Boris must keep his promise," repeated Daniel inexorably, who saw only a direct course. Gaining—

five despite his vision of Myra as one radiantly perfect he failed to sense Boris' idea of a sweetheart untouched, one hovering above a mere mortal like a white butterfly. He did not sense the mountain boy's deep hurt, his disillusion after the girl's little story. Daniel brought only a granite virtue to work in place of a spiritual understanding.

YOU must keep your word, Boris," he repeated, "at any cost. That's the big way."

His voice rang out. "At any cost!" That was his word! The burning light of the fanatic seemed to fill his eyes. Self-sacrifice and glory in all!

His will put itself upon the boy, who, pondering, did not speak for some moments. Then:

"I'll take her back to my mother for another night's thought on the matter," still, however, speaking in pride.

He turned the horse back down the trail.

Daniel went away on some errand and I turned to Myra, ready to expend any effort to help or sustain her.

But how little one knows of a perfect love like Myra's. The light had not left her eyes, no fear sat upon her lips. She spoke brightly:

"Daniel has a theory about his people," she said. "He believes they must be held to a straight line." She paused. "Of course my instinct is for less severity, but I cannot judge Daniel's methods."

I remained silent.

"He has worked with Boris closely for three years—he knows the boy's lacks far better even than his own mother."

No thought, you see, that Daniel's severity might touch his personal life; that he might flay himself and even his beloved Myra for a principle.

Well, Boris married Weary. Daniel stood at the boy's side while he gave his promise and Myra attended Weary. I did not attend, as my afternoon had to be given over to some necessary business correspondence, but I was at my window when Daniel and Myra returned.

They had walked to the quaint little church, and now they were coming slowly up the trail together. It was late afternoon and the fading glow from the sky rested upon them. I thought whimsically, perhaps, that a stranger looking at Daniel might know he was the recipient of a rare love. For his head was thrown back; his eyes, as when first I met him, searched the heavens—and Myra walked by his side.

When they reached their home Daniel stopped. Evidently he had forgotten something, for he glanced back along the trail. Then he gave a whistle, and his boy appeared, listened to directions, and shortly brought forth Black Billy, Daniel's great horse.

Daniel mounted, checked the willing horse, and leaned down to Myra. She looked up at him in the way she had, a little, swift movement, as though bestowing herself, her everything.

The great, splendid passion that only Myra was capable of giving might have scorched a less strong man than Daniel, at least overwhelmed him. But it was Daniel's inspiration; it made him a greater man.

I believed Daniel realized this truth. Myra came into the house.

"Daniel forgot the mail; he expects an important letter," she said as she entered my room. "He'll be back for dinner."

She told me something of the wedding and then left me to dress, as always she dressed for Daniel's praise and joy in her.

He did return early, brought a package of letters, and after dinner in the great sitting-room, with its air of being lived in and used for good purpose, he went at his mail.

Myra went to the fireplace, stirred the

lasy logs into flame, seated herself in a low chair, sewing in her hand.

Daniel spoke. "Well," he said, "the government has sent me some special seed." He slit open a large envelope and read: "Seed of the Mark Carey Cotton—" And then paused, to finish in a voice gone a little dry. "Quite a coincidence, Myra. I'm asked to give the result of my experiment with the seed."

HE SPOKE with palpable distaste, but Myra answered with no seeming undercurrent.

"Mark worked hard to perfect that seed. And he went into danger time and time again."

Daniel rose slowly from his place. "I've got to know more about the matter, I suppose," he said. He did not look at Myra as he passed her on his way to the bookcase. "I've not been interested enough to experiment before."

It was the first evidence of jealousy that I had noted.

Still Myra sat, head bent above needle. Daniel returned to his desk with a bound volume of scientific appearing magazines. He found his place and, as

was his habit, began to read aloud. And this is what he read:

Mark Carey, the young scientific experimenter, was born in San Francisco, Cal., in 1874, and died in New York after contracting a fever in Brazil in 1902. Mr. Carey at the time of his death had succeeded partially in getting the long-fibered and silky texture of the Sea Island and Brazilian cotton hybridized to propagate a variety that can be raised on the uplands. This will be a boon to the South, since there is so much upland there on which the Sea Island cotton will not reproduce. The government has procured some of the hybridized seeds and will in time distribute quantities to important cotton growers, with the request that a report on results be sent to the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

The early removal of Mark Carey was a loss to the world. On his death bed he was united in marriage to Miss Myra Nevill, daughter of the late John Nevill, well known banker of New York. The occasion was rendered even more solemn by the oath taken by the bride that she would be forever faithful to her vows promising never to marry again.

The magazine fell with a thud from Daniel's hand. With a terrible swift-

"Great King," of course, and moving mysteriously upon his will, was the King of kings. The mightiest of earth is only a servant to do the will of the Most High. God shapes history for His own sovereign purposes, in the promotion of His kingdom.

"Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

Taught By Trouble.

Experience is a school master who always carries a rod. The Jews, unwilling to learn their lessons in any softer school, had been sent into exile. The sole and avowed purpose of the exile was to touch a vagrant-minded and unstable-hearted people the lesson of loyalty to God. They had continually wandered after the heathen gods of their neighbors.

Now the great question was, had they learned the lesson designed for them in their severe school? To miss the meaning of adversity is like refusing a precious letter because one does not like the postman's looks. God sends no meaningless trials. "But it has made a preacher out of you," said a close friend to a clergyman, reviewing a deep sorrow through which the latter had passed. One of the vital books of recent years is "Early Letters of Marcus Dods," which reveals the life of the great scholar-preacher-author during the six long years when he was an unsuccessful candidate for a first charge. A lesser soul would have been embittered and spoiled by the ordeal; it was the refining of the gold of Dods' character.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray,
But now I observe Thy word."

wrote the Psalmist. That was Israel's experience. In exile it learned that Jehovah alone is God. Never more did its heart wander after idols. The bitterness of exile was sweetened by this fruit: the Jews learned to give God His rightful place.

A Teller and a Doer.

"Of which things also I was a part," wrote Caesar in his account of his Gallic wars. Ezra is the scribe whose writing we now study; he is the narrator of this record. A historian, he probably compiled several of the sacred books of the Jews; and in a large part of his volume which bears his name he speaks in the first person. His is the testimony of an eye-witness. He was a participant in the scenes he describes. He was a doer as well as a teller.

Down along the Tigris River below Bagdad I saw a great shrine, which was pointed out as Ezra's tomb. The Jews believe that he returned to Babylonia and was buried there. So great is the esteem in which his memory is held that the Jews from a wide region make annual pilgrimages to this shrine. Prayers for children especially were supposed to be efficacious when offered here. The descendants of the exiles who remained behind thus honored the memory of the leader of those who left.

For many Jews did not go back home when opportunity offered. Only about one out of six returned to Palestine. The remainder had struck new roots into this fertile soil, and had found prosperity. Business was

done by Ezra and his lieutenants nearly two thousand, five hundred years before it was heard in missionary meetings.

The Restored Treasures.

As the buried libraries of Babylonia are today being dug up to shed new light upon the beginnings of civilization, and as the tombs of Egypt are yielding up their well-kept records, so the treasures of the Jewish temple were restored to the returning exiles by Cyrus.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

He had made Israel a nation by the bondage in Egypt; now He had cured them of idolatry by the exile in Babylonia. So He had strangely preserved for them, in the hands of their enemies, the utensils for temple use. They could not have kept these themselves; so Jehovah provided a Babylonian storage vault for them. We may yet learn that He has likewise kept the Ark of the Covenant in the secret depths of Mount Moriah, to be restored in His own good time.

The return—which a later lesson will enable us to study more in detail—was in sharp contrast to the journey from Jerusalem to Babylonia. The Jews were captives in tears and misery, spoiled of all their possessions, torn from their homes. Now they were a well organized company, numbering about forty-two thousand, with more than seventy thousand servants. They had the royal favor of the king of the known world. They were properly equipped, and had great treasure, both for their own use and for the rebuilding of the temple. They were a broader minded and a more worldly wise company than they had been half a century before. Their sojourn at the seat of the world's finest civilization had taught them many lessons that would tinge all their future experience.

Back Home.

"Hard-headed" men would be likely to approve of the Jews who stayed in Babylonia, rather than of those who went back to the ruined city of Mount Zion. The contrast was complete. Babylonia was a great city. The whole world centered there, and sent its tribute of trade and people in a rich and constant stream. Babylonia was full of commercial, social and political opportunities. As the cases of Daniel and his friends proved, the right sort of man might any day fall under imperial favor and contract profitable alliances. So far as prudence could foresee, Babylonia was safe from the ravages of war; who would dare attack this so great city, the capital of the earth? The comforts, pleasures and luxuries of life abounded there.

On the other hand, Jerusalem was only a ruin. There were none of the comforts of home, even of the old home that their fathers used to know. Business opportunities would be slight, and agricultural opportunities less. Robbers and hostile armies both were to be feared. Every man who went back would be severely taxed in purse, body and mind for the rebuilding project.

That sort of reasoning would have kept Abraham in the prosperous city of Ur of the Chaldees, and the Pilgrim Fathers in Holland. It was the old, old choice that was offered the

See is vacant. Europe will be visited with terrible calamities, malice, hatred and baseness will excite a few, the assassination of a prince will start a widespread conflagration. Seven empires will arise against one bird with one and another with two heads. The birds will protect themselves with their wings and with talons will they defend themselves. A prince from the midst will mount a horse from the reverse side and will be surrounded by a wall of enemies. The monarchs' motto will be, "With God Forward." The vehicles will rush along without horses and fiery dragons will fly through the aid and throw fire and sulphur on cities and towns and destroy them. The people will hear the warning of God and God will turn away his fear. Three years and five months the riot will continue, time will come when you can neither buy nor sell, the bread will be marked and divided. The seas will be red with blood and men will dwell on the bottom of the sea and watch for their prey. The war will commence when the ears of the grain will bend down with ripe fruit and will climax when the cherries ripen for the third time and peace will be established at Christmas time."

The prediction written 216 years ago has so far been fulfilled in a large degree.

SALVATION ARMY OFFICERS TO HOLD CONFERENCE HERE

Big Gathering Will Be Held in
Edmonton From Oct. 20th
to 24th

In connection with the thirty-first annual congress conducted by the Salvation Army in Canada this year the public gatherings and councils are being held at the different divisional centres situated in the Canada West territory, and therefore instead of all S. A. officers stationed throughout the province of Alberta going into Winnipeg to attend their annual congress gatherings they will be proceeding to Edmonton instead. Over fifty officers are expected to be present to attend the councils and take part in the public gatherings. The dates for same being from October 20th to 24th inclusive.

Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton, who are in command of all S. A. work in Canada West, will be in charge, also Colonel and Mrs. Turner, chief secretaries for the west, will be present, and likewise a number of departmental officers from the territorial headquarters in Winnipeg.

Seeing this is the first time in the experience of the city of Edmonton that such a large number of Salvation Army officers have met here for gatherings of this character, naturally local Salvationists and friends are looking forward to a great time. Further details concerning all these gatherings will be announced in good time.

Nothing to Brag Of

"Her ancestors came over in the Mayflower."
"Then she travelled in the steer."

TO A LADY KNITTING

Little woman, hourly sitting,
Something for a soldier knitting,
What in fancy can you see?
Many pictures come to me,
Thro' the stitch that now you're making
I behold a bullet breaking;
I can see some soldier lying
In that garment slowly dying,
And that very bit of thread
In your fingers turns to red.
Gray today; perhaps tomorrow
Crimsoned by the blood of sorrow.

It may be some hero daring
Shall that very thing be wearing
When he ventures forth to give
Life that other men may live.
He may braver wield the saber
As a tribute to your labor,
And for that, which you have knitted,
Better for his task be fitted.
When the thread has left your finger
Something of yourself may linger,
Something of your lovely beauty
May sustain him in his duty.

Someone's boy that was a baby
Soon shall wear it, and it may be
He shall write and tell his mother
Of the kindness of another
And her spirit shall careen you,
And her prayers at night shall bless you.

You may never know its story,
Canno' know the grief or glory
That are destined now and hover
Over him your wool shall cover,
Nor what spirits shall invade it
Once your gentle hands have made it.

Little woman, hourly sitting,
Something for a soldier knitting,
'Tis no common garb you're making,
These no common vains you're taking,
Something lovely, holy lingers
O'er the needles in your fingers
And with every stitch you're weaving
Something of yourself you're leaving.
From your gentle hands and tender
There may come a nation's splendor
And from this, your simple duty
Life may win a fairer beauty.

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS

Civility costs nothing and buys everything.—Lady Montague.

The habit of viewing things cheerfully, and of thinking about life hopefully, may be made to grow up in as like any other habit.

Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away. —Cowper.

Pity and need make all flesh kin.
—Edwin Arnold.

Be strong and of good courage, fear not, nor be affrighted at them; for Jehovah thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee nor forsake thee.—Deut., 31:6.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death—the brave live on. —Martial.

If we knew our brother as God despise him any more.—G. H. Morrison
Because him we should never dare to

any other out of the way place on a moment's notice.

And it was on his last trip to Brazil to procure more of a rare seed he had first brought back for test on his experimental farm that he contracted the fever which later ended his life.

He returned to America, but no science availed to save him. When all hope was abandoned there was a death bed marriage, and on her knees beside her husband Myra promised never to marry again.

Young Carey did not ask the promise of Myra. She gave it freely in the terrible anguish of the moment and in line with her nature, which always gave of its deepest and best. So she gave her dying lover all she could, her present and her future.

Well, it took weeks of closest care to bring the girl back to anything like normal. But eventually she grew stronger, and I took leave of her the day she set sail for Europe with her parents, where she remained for a long stay.

Quite four years later I received a letter from Myra asking me to spend a few weeks with her at Retreat Cottage, the family's beautiful place built in the heart of the North Carolina mountains. Myra's parents, the letter explained, were to remain in the East for the settling of an estate.

The idea appealed to me. I had been working hard and a rest of some kind was inevitable. Besides, I was greatly interested in Myra. So circumstances being propitious, I found myself early in September at Retreat Cottage, where Myra had been domiciled for several days, companioned only by a servant. This independence itself was new. I remembered Mrs. Nevill's constant habit of surveillance. But when Myra met me on the veranda (she had been unable to go down the mountains to the station) I realized instantly that she had deepened.

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SHE looked a little older than her 26 years, perhaps because she had a very thoughtful expression. She was still beautiful, but on a new note. She seemed definite, as though she had reached some place from which she looked all ways.

We drank our tea before a glowing grate fire. We touched on many things, and finally I mentioned Mark Carey, and the promise. Myra did not answer at once, and I felt a sudden bitterness against a circumstance that should keep such a woman as Myra from having the fullness of life, and strangely, too, a sense of pity for some man—somewhere—who would miss what she could give him.

But she said very simply:
"Of course I don't consider such a

world. Oh, I know that's true, but I did a bit of real work in New York last year and I learned a few things." Then she shot out her question: "I'm wondering if you'd go back there with me?"

"Why, perhaps I might," I said, started out of myself.

Her eyes brightened.

"We could accomplish much together," she said. And then: "How fine and strong your hands are. You know they could help so much with children; their wrongs tear my heart."

Well, in the beginning of my training I had gone in for child work entirely. And now Myra's fire crept into my heart. Like a silly old woman I began to dream dreams that were destined not to come true; that is, work with Myra for children.

The second man, a young southerner, came riding up the mountain trail one glorious afternoon. He sat a great black horse and his eyes shot here and there as though naught of earth or sky could escape his glance.

Myra and I were on the veranda. We'd been cutting and basting clothes for an impoverished family living in a cabin on the other side of the mountain. We had heard the horse come scrambling up the wide path to the house, but thinking the old man who brought our vegetables approached, we gave no heed till the rider appeared before us. He reined in his horse, lifted his cap, and spoke:

"A fine afternoon, ladies. I am your nearest neighbor, Daniel Dysart."

Myra rose, letting spool and scissors fall to the floor. She looked very charming in her plain blue cotton dress, with gandy collar and cuffs.

"I'm glad to welcome a new neighbor," she said. "Won't you come up?"

He dismounted and tied his horse. Then with easy steps he came up to the veranda and took the chair Myra proffered. He was a man in his early thirties, one to whom your trust went out at once. He was not handsome, but certainly arresting. His eyes, set wide apart, were blue-gray, put in like a bird's, giving him an expansive sweep of vision. He held his head very high; you got the feeling that he would not disappoint his own opinion of himself.

You got another impression, perhaps from his rather thin lips and square chin, that he would have made a very beautiful monk; he seemed so capable of self-sacrifice. I can only vaguely give you Daniel Dysart's effect upon me.

"You stay here all the year round?" Myra asked. "Retreat Cottage has been closed for five years, so we've missed any new folks."

"I've been here the past three years," he answered in his mellow accent, "except for a few weeks in the city every winter."

He had built a home in the mountains, he went on to say; grew cotton in the valley just below; had been fortunate in grape and fig raising in the thermal belt; also had evolved a successful method of shipping his fruit. So he described his life.

Once he looked with curiosity at the little garment Myra held. She caught his glance.

forth for our inspection a sin.
"Walk over to my place, this side of Sunset Rock, Mrs. Carey," I heard him say to Myra as I went to the old mountaineer who had just come up, bringing milk. "Will you come?"

It wasn't a question he asked, this masterful young judge, and Myra didn't answer him in words. She knew she should go, and so but a week after Daniel Dysart's visit we walked the steep mountain trail to Buzzard's Roost and struck another trail leading to his home.

He awaited us. He stood, a stern and very handsome young god, silhouetted against the mountain. Even my steady heart could quite understand how a woman would thrill to the task of softening that rigid personality; how greatly she would be repaid. For if Daniel Dysart judged with intolerance, he was capable of a single-souled love.

And Myra, as she went about Daniel's home, was enchanting with a new animation; an inner joyousness which showed through made her sparkle as she looked at hand-made book shelves, a rosewood piano, ceilings with beams of natural wood. She cried out with delight at the high fireplaces made of green and gold stones.

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It went into a sweet love story, and yet for some reason I was fearful. I wondered about Myra's thoughts. She was very quiet sometimes as Daniel drove us behind his big black Billy about the country. We drove by Sunset Rock one evening, and I heard Myra mention Mark Carey's name. Then there was silence for a long time, silence indeed till we reached our home, but Myra's eyes were very happy.

The wooing went quickly. In a month Myra came to me all aglow.

"Daniel and I are to be married very soon," she said.

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TWO years after Myra's marriage I visited her again, this time, of course, in David's home.

Myra herself awaited me at the station. I felt sure from her clear eyes, her quick smile, that there were no undercurrents; that no sense of debt to Mark's memory linked her to the past.

Naturally I was very anxious to meet Daniel Dysart again, anxious to learn what marriage with such a woman as Myra had done for him.

He reached home from his cotton fields and his fig orchards about 5. He was tanned from much outdoor life. His light hair, thick and windblown, gave him a picturesque quality I had not noticed before. Or was it that Myra's love had quickened him into something more dramatic?

He went directly to Myra, standing to regard her with all the ardor of a new lover. She was still to him the rare one, removed as from any other. Small wonder that in the radiance of such a love Myra had grown immeasurably.

You will gain that my admiration for Myra was very great, but I know she deserved all that I could give her. There was that profound and excellent beauty in her, the faculty for giving her all freely and so bountifully. Her sympathy spread over so many deeds about her, was so brimming with tact and under-

And she lifted her head, with its heavy crown of hair, and answered:

"Daniel would have resented that intrusion; you see, just Daniel mattered to me, and just I mattered to Daniel." Her voice lowered as she finished. "It was all very sacred."

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AND that very night, as we three sat on the side porch casually talking, the incident occurred that roused all my fears for Myra's continued joy. The sound of a horse scrambling up the mountain top disturbed the peace and beauty of the night, for with this noise came also the echo of unexpressed sobs of a woman.

The horse, nearing the house, slackened his pace, though the rider evidently did not intend to stop, but Daniel called out:

"Hail a moment, neighbor!"

He pushed a button and the porch was brightly illuminated, revealing the young mountaineer Boris seated upon the lagging horse, before him his bride-to-be. Boris held her loosely with one arm, and she it was who had been crying. Her breast still heaved with the intensity of her emotions. She did not look up as her companion reined in, but pretended to rub the glass of the dim lantern she carried.

Myra spoke:

"Why, weary, where are you going?"

"Back to Spring Rock," the girl answered, sullenly still with head downcast. "A judge has set upon me."

The words fired her companion. His eyes flashed and he raised his head in anger.

"I may be a judge," he cried, "but I've sat in justice." Then to Daniel directly: "You need not come to the church tomorrow, Mr. Daniel. There'll be no marriage there. I'm taking Weary back to her aunt."

Daniel looked long at the young faces before him before carefully choosing his words.

"Boris," he said, "Weary has been very happy with your mother, awaiting her wedding day. What has happened?"

The girl now lifted her face. She was a beautiful young creature through all her sullenness; so full of bounding life that you wondered why even so haphazard a thing as a wrong name should have been given to her.

"Oh, so happy," she cried out; "so happy that my heart cleared itself. I told Boris last night when the stars were out about another man—when I was 16. We met, and kissed, and then he rode away. That was all. But I wanted to clear my heart to Boris."

Boris' face went black.

"Don't talk so much," he advised roughly.

She turned upon him.

"Another may not be the god you've made yourself."

The man gathered up his reins.

"Just a moment," said Daniel. His voice was stern. "Boris, you gave a promise to this girl, and you can't break it!"

"For good cause," answered the young mountaineer with dignity.

"There is no cause strong enough to make it right for you to break your promise," returned Daniel. "You promised Weary to take her to church to-mor-

A Rebirth of Hebrew Nationalism

The International Sunday-School Lesson for October 14 is "Returning From Captivity,"—Ezra, Chap. 1

By William T. Ellis

Thirty million members of the Sunday schools of the world will this week study about a Persian ruler known in literature as "the great king." Cyrus the Great was one of the half dozen world rulers of all history. The known world then was in vassalage to Persia. What a descent to the weakness, anarchy and misery of the Persia of today! Yet this war-torn Persia, from which we get occasional dispatches, is one of the holy lands of history.

The other nation that figures in the story is the Jewish people; then, as now, a nation, despite their lack of king, capital and organized government. They were exiles in Babylonia and Persia. An interesting analogy is the present-day fact that while many nations are ever more eager than Cyrus to get rid of the Jews they are steadily increasing in importance, power, solidarity and national consciousness. Even the Jews who have remained in Babylonia and Persia unto this day—and their number hundreds of thousands—are beginning to lift up their heads in newness of hope and self-confidence.

The prophesied exile of the Jews was almost over. The promised return had been permitted by Cyrus, who had various reasons of policy for wishing to possess the loyalty of the Jews, and also to establish them once more in the strategic outposts of his kingdom at Jerusalem. Back of the "Great King," of course, and moving mysteriously upon his will, was the King of kings. The mightiest of earth is only a servant to do the will of the Most High. God shapes history for His own sovereign purposes, in the promotion of His kingdom.

"Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

Taught By Trouble.

Experience is a school master who always carries a rod. The Jews, unwilling to learn their lessons in any softer school, had been sent into exile. The sole and avowed purpose of the exile was to touch a vagrant-minded and unstable-hearted people the lesson of loyalty to God. They had continually wandered after the heathen gods of their neighbors.

Now the great question was, had they learned the lesson designed for them in their severe school? To miss the meaning of adversity is like refusing a precious letter because one does not like the postman's looks. God sends no meaningless trials. "But it has made a preacher out of you," said a close friend to a clergyman, reviewing a deep sorrow through which the latter had passed. One of the vital books of recent years is "Early Letters of Marcus Dods," which reveals the life of the great scholar-preacher-author during the six long years when he was an unsuccessful candidate for a first charge. A lesser soul would have been embittered and spoiled by the ordeal; it was the refining of the gold of Dods' character.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray,
But now I observe Thy word."

wrote the Psalmist. That was Israel's experience. In exile it learned that Jehovah alone is God. Never more did its heart wander after idols. The bitterness of exile was sweetened by this fruit: the Jews learned to give God His rightful place.

A Teller and a Doer.

"Of which things also I was a part," wrote Caesar in his account of his Gallic wars. Ezra is the scribe whose writing we now study; he is the narrator of this record. A historian, he probably compiled several of the sacred books of the Jews; and in a large part of his volume which bears his name he speaks in the first person. His is the testimony of an eye-witness. He was a participant in the scenes he describes. He was a doer as well as a teller.

Down along the Tigris River below Bagdad I saw a great shrine, which was pointed out as Ezra's tomb. The Jews believe that he returned to Babylonia and was buried there. So great is the esteem in which his memory is held that the Jews from a wide region make annual pilgrimages to this shrine. Prayers for children especially were supposed to be efficacious when offered here. The descendants of the exiles who remained behind thus honored the memory of the leader of those who left.

For many Jews did not go back home when opportunity offered. Only about one out of six returned to Palestine. The remainder had struck new roots into this fertile soil, and had found prosperity. Business was

in this foreign land become assimilated with their brethren from Judah. They were doing well socially and commercially; and material considerations triumphed over sentimental and spiritual ties.

The Goers and the Senders.

The stay-at-homes helped the goers-forth. This is the universal rule. When I climbed the sacred mountain, Fuji-yama, with bands of Japanese pilgrims, I learned that they were but representatives of their respective communities; the whole neighborhood had united to pay the costs. Thus Christian Endeavor delegates go to conventions. So, also, it is with Zionism today. Jews all over the earth pay for their fellow religionists who have returned to Palestine. The newly-quickened Zionist movement is not only a question of Jews willing to return to the Holy Land, but also of an entire people aroused to Israel's ancient hope.

In this manner the more pious and devoted of the Babylonian expatriates were helped home. The immense sums necessary for the journey and for the re-establishment of life in the Promised Land, were provided by those who, for various reasons, were unable to go themselves. Similarly the great missionary propaganda of today is made possible by the few who go abroad and the many who stay behind. "If you cannot go, send," was the cry raised in Babylonia by Ezra and his lieutenants nearly two thousand, five hundred years before it was heard in missionary meetings.

The Restored Treasures.

As the buried libraries of Babylonia are today being dug up to shed new light upon the beginnings of civilization, and as the tombs of Egypt are yielding up their well-kept records, so the treasures of the Jewish temple were restored to the returning exiles by Cyrus.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

He had made Israel a nation by the bondage in Egypt; now He had cured them of idolatry by the exile in Babylon. So He had strangely preserved for them, in the hands of their enemies, the utensils for temple use. They could not have kept these themselves; so Jehovah provided a Babylonian storage vault for them. We may yet learn that He has likewise kept the Ark of the Covenant in the secret depths of Mount Moriah, to be restored in His own good time.

The return—which a later lesson will enable us to study more in detail—was in sharp contrast to the journey from Jerusalem to Babylon: They the Jews were captives in tears and misery, spoiled of all their possessions, torn from their homes. Now they were a well organized company, numbering about forty-two thousand, with more than seventy thousand servants. They had the royal favor of the king of the known world. They were properly equipped, and had great treasure, both for their own use and for the rebuilding of the temple. They were a broader minded and a more worldly wise company than they had been half a century before. Their sojourn at the seat of the world's finest civilization had taught them many lessons that would tinge all their future experience.

Back Home.

"Hard-headed" men would be likely to approve of the Jews who stayed in Babylon, rather than of those who went back to the ruined city of Mount Zion. The contrast was complete. Babylon was a great city. The whole world centered there, and sent its tribute of trade and people in a rich and constant stream. Babylon was full of commercial, social and political opportunities. As the cases of Daniel and his friends proved, the right sort of man might any day fall under imperial favor and contract profitable alliances. So far as prudence could foresee, Babylon was safe from the ravages of war; who would dare attack this so great city, the capital of the earth? The comforts, pleasures and luxuries of life abounded there.

On the other hand, Jerusalem was only a ruin. There were none of the comforts of home, even of the old home that their fathers used to know. Business opportunities would be slight, and agricultural opportunities less. Robbers and hostile armies both were to be feared. Every man who went back would be severely taxed in purse, body and mind for the rebuilding project.

That sort of reasoning would have kept Abraham in the prosperous city of Ur of the Chaldees; and the Pilgrim Fathers in Holland. It was the old, old choice that was offered the

ed various hardships—but also the pure worship of God. They had to make choice between the material and the spiritual. Sentiment and spirituality called them back to the old home, where they could honor Jehovah, by the restoration of his pure worship upon Mount Zion. Personal ease and profit bade them remain in Babylon. One out of six chose the better part: it is eternal wisdom to seek the freedom and growth of the soul, and to put the concerns of the spirit above the concerns of the body.

A Wonderful Prophecy

The Events of This War Foretold in 1701.

[Neilsville (Wis.) Times:] The following prophecy was taken from an old manuscript of the year 1701, which was found after breaking down the wall of an old monastery dedicated to the Holy. It was written by a fugitive monk and because of its prophetic contents was framed and hung up in the council chambers of the Wismar.

"O Lord! have mercy with thy people who are turning away from Thee more and more; they destroy thy cloisters and annihilate thy sacred societies, they appropriate power to themselves and make this subject their own purposes. In time when the Holy See is vacant, Europe will be visited with terrible calamities, malice, hatred and baseness will excite a few, the assassination of a prince will start a widespread conflagration. Seven empires will arise against one bird with one and another with two heads. The birds will protect themselves with their wings and with talons will they defend themselves. A prince from the midst will mount a horse from the reverse side and will be surrounded by a wall of enemies. The monarch's motto will be, 'With God Forward.' The vehicles will rush along without horses and fiery dragons will fly through the aid and throw fire and sulphur on cities and towns and destroy them. The people will hear the warning of God and God will turn away his fear. Three years and five months the riot will continue, time will come when you can neither buy nor sell, the bread will be marked and divided. The seas will be red with blood and men will dwell on the bottom of the sea and watch for their prey. The war will commence when the ears of the grain will bend down with ripe fruit and will climax when the cherries ripen for the third time and peace will be established at Christmas time."

The prediction written 216 years ago has so far been fulfilled in a large degree.

SALVATION ARMY OFFICERS TO HOLD CONFERENCE HERE

Big Gathering Will Be Held in Edmonton From Oct. 20th to 24th

In connection with the thirty-first annual congress conducted by the Salvation Army in Canada this year the public gatherings and councils are being held at the different divisional centres situated in the Canada West territory, and therefore instead of all S. A. officers stationed throughout the province of Alberta going into Winnipeg to attend their annual congress gatherings they will be proceeding to Edmonton instead. Over fifty officers are expected to be present to attend the councils and take part in the public gatherings. The dates for same being from October 20th an 24th inclusive.

Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton, who are in command of all S. A. work in Canada West, will be in charge, also Colonel and Mrs. Turner, chief secretaries for the west, will be present, and likewise a number of departmental officers from the territorial headquarters in Winnipeg.

Seeing this is the first time in the experience of the city of Edmonton that such a large number of Salvation Army officers have met here for gatherings of this character, naturally local Salvationists and friends are looking forward to a great time. Further details concerning all these gatherings will be announced in good time.

Nothing to Brag Of

"Her ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

Captain Paul Jones

Cap'n Paul Jones was a Britisher born; he hailed from the Solway shore. But he struck a snag with his folks at home as many have done before; He shook the old land's dust from his feet, and he gave her a piece of his mind, And he never knew what he'd left a bit of his heart behind.

Cap'n Paul Jones was a skipper of fame, and a darned good sailorman, too, And a bit of a bucko, as I've heard tell, in the way he handled his crew; He learned 'em to drill and he learned 'em to shoot and to jump at the word of command. The same as he knew how they learned 'em to do in the ships of his native land.

Cap'n Paul Jones was a Britisher born, though he changed his flag and his name, On his Ranger frigate he led us a dance, but we honor him all the same; We used to call him a pirate then, for he certainly wasn't our friend, But he sailed and he fought as a Britisher should, which is what matters most in the end.

Cap'n Paul Jones was a Britisher born, which is why, now the time is come, He knows the tug of the Solway tide and the rattle of Drake's old drum. He is back to the sea in the old, old way, a sailorman smart and bold— And the flag of the Ranger is flying today by the flag that she fought of old.

—C. Fox Smith in the Spectator.

TO A LADY KNITTING

Little woman, hourly sitting,
Something for a soldier knitting,
What in fancy can you see?
Many pictures come to me,
Thro' the stitch that now you're making
I behold a bullet breaking;
I can see some soldier lying
In that garment slowly dying,
And that very bit of thread
In your fingers turns to red.
Gray today; perhaps tomorrow
Crimsoned by the blood of sorrow.

It may be some hero daring
Shall that very thing be wearing
When he ventures forth to give
Life that other men may live.
He may braver wield the saber
As a tribute to your labor,
And for that, which you have knitted,

Better for his task be fitted.
When the thread has left your finger
Something of yourself may linger,
Something of your lovely beauty
May sustain him in his duty.

Someone's boy that was a baby
Soon shall wear it, and it may be
He shall write and tell his mother
Of the kindness of another
And her spirit shall carers you,
And her prayers at night shall bless you.

You may never know its story,
Canno' know the grief or glory
That are destined now and hover
Over him your wool shall cover,
Nor what spirits shall invade it
Once your gentle hands have made it.

Little woman, hourly sitting,
Something for a soldier knitting,
'Tis no common garb you're making,
These no common vains you're taking,
Something lovely, holy lingers
O'er the needles in your fingers
And with every stitch you're weaving
Something of yourself you're leaving.
From your gentle hands and tender
There may come a nation's splendor
And from this, your simple duty
Life may win a fairer beauty.

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS

Civility costs nothing and buys everything.—Lady Montague.

The habit of viewing things cheerfully, and of thinking about life hopefully, may be made to grow up in as like any other habit.

Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away. —Cowper.

Pity and need make all flesh kin. —Edwin Arnold.

Be strong and of good courage, fear not, nor be affrighted at them; for Jehovah thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee nor forsake thee.—Deut., 31:6.

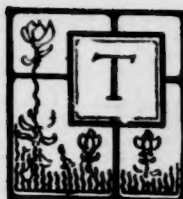
When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death—the brave live on. —Martial.

If we knew our brother as God despises him any more.—G. H. Morris.

THE PROMISE

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by J. Allen St. John



THE first night I attended Myra Nevill after the death of young Mark Carey was pitiable, even to a trained nurse of some years' experience. I had been called hurriedly by the fam-

ily physician, who gave me some definite instructions regarding the case.

I found the girl wide-eyed, her mouth drawn tight in lines of pain. It would have been easier for doctor and nurse had she yielded to violent outbursts of weeping.

On the third day she spoke:

"You thought Mark splendid, didn't you?" she half-whispered. "He gave up his life really for his ideals."

I nodded.

"He was splendid," I agreed wholeheartedly.

Two summers before, while nursing Myra's mother, I had met Mark Carey. He was engaged to Myra then, but the marriage day was set far ahead, much to the approval of Mrs. Nevill. The mother had expressed herself rather vigorously about the kind of husband a young man would make who was in the habit of running to Egypt or to Brazil or any other out of the way place on a moment's notice.

And it was on his last trip to Brazil to procure more of a rare seed he had first brought back for test on his experimental farm that he contracted the fever which later ended his life.

He returned to America, but no science availed to save him. When all hope was abandoned there was a death bed marriage, and on her knees beside her husband Myra promised never to marry again.

Young Carey did not ask the promise of Myra. She gave it freely in the terrible anguish of the moment and in line with her nature, which always gave of its deepest and best. So she gave her dying lover all she could, her present and her future.

Well, it took weeks of closest care to bring the girl back to anything like normal. But eventually she grew stronger, and I took leave of her the day she set sail for Europe with her parents, where she remained for a long stay.

Quite four years later I received a letter from Myra asking me to spend a few weeks with her at Retreat Cottage, the family's beautiful place built in the heart of the North Carolina mountains. Myra's parents, the letter explained, were to remain in the East for the settling of an estate.

The idea appealed to me. I had been working hard and a rest of some kind was inevitable. Besides, I was greatly interested in Myra. So circumstances being propitious, I found myself early in September at Retreat Cottage, where Myra had been domiciled for several days, companioned only by a servant. This independence itself was new. I remembered Mrs. Nevill's constant habit of surveillance. But when Myra met me on the veranda (she had been unable to go down the mountains to the station) I realized instantly that she had deepened.

SHE looked a little older than her 26 years, perhaps because she had a very thoughtful expression. She was still beautiful, but on a new note. She seemed definite, as though she had reached some place from which she looked all ways.

We drank our tea before a glowing grate fire. We touched on many things, and finally I mentioned Mark Carey, and the promise. Myra did not answer at once, and I felt a sudden bitterness against a circumstance that should keep such a woman as Myra from having the fullness of life, and strangely, too, a sense of pity for some man—somewhere—who would miss what she could give him.

But she said very simply:

"Of course I don't consider such a

How far should a death bed promise—one that interferes with the rights of the living—be kept? Daniel too late saw his mistake

promise binding." And then her voice fell. "If Mark is busy—somewhere—as I always picture his being, that promise has no hold for him; and a promise of no consequence to one certainly is of no consequence to the other."

She was silent a moment, then finished:

"Really, till you brought the matter up, I'd practically put it out of my mind."

I was relieved, because in my work I had known death bed promises to entail such terrible suffering, such needless suffering. I had always thought; but then I am a trained nurse, who early learned to look life in the face.

MYRA leaned over suddenly and put her hand on mine.

"There's so much to be done in the world. Oh, I know that's trite, but I did a bit of real work in New York last year and I learned a few things." Then she shot out her question: "I'm wondering if you'd go back there with me?"

"Why, perhaps I might," I said, startled out of myself.

Her eyes brightened.

"We could accomplish much together," she said. And then: "How fine and strong your hands are. You know they could help so much with children; their wrongs tear my heart."

Well, in the beginning of my training I had gone in for child work entirely. And now Myra's fire crept into my heart. Like a silly old woman I began to dream dreams that were destined not to come true; that is, work with Myra for children.

The second man, a young southerner, came riding up the mountain trail one glorious afternoon. He sat a great black horse and his eyes shot here and there as though naught of earth or sky could escape his glance.

Myra and I were on the veranda. We'd been cutting and basting clothes for an impoverished family living in a cabin on the other side of the mountain. We had heard the horse come scrambling up the wide path to the house, but thinking the old man who brought our vegetables approached, we gave no heed till the rider appeared before us. He reined in his horse, lifted his cap, and spoke:

"A fine afternoon, ladies. I am your nearest neighbor, Daniel Dysart."

Myra rose, letting spool and scissors fall to the floor. She looked very charming in her plain blue cotton dress, with organdy collar and cuffs.

"I'm glad to welcome a new neighbor," she said. "Won't you come up?"

He dismounted and tied his horse. Then with easy steps he came up to the veranda and took the chair Myra proffered. He was a man in his early thirties, one to whom your trust went out at once. He was not handsome, but certainly arresting. His eyes, set wide apart, were blue-gray, put in like a bird's, giving him an expansive sweep of vision. He held his head very high; you got the feeling that he would not disappoint his own opinion of himself.

You got another impression, perhaps from his rather thin lips and square chin, that he would have made a very beautiful monk; he seemed capable of self-sacrifice. I can only vaguely give you Daniel Dysart's effect upon me.

"You stay here all the year round?" Myra asked. "Retreat Cottage has been closed for five years, so we've missed any new folks."

"I've been here the past three years," he answered in his mellow accent, "except for a few weeks in the city every winter."

He had built a home in the mountains, he went on to say; grew cotton in the valley just below; had been fortunate in grape and fig raising in the thermal belt; also had evolved a successful method of shipping his fruit. So he described his life.

Once he looked with curiosity at the little garment Myra held. She caught his glance.

"We're making clothes for some children near here," she told him. "It was difficult work, too, to get permission to bestow them. I find the mountain people very proud. They've been patronized too much."

His face darkened. "Some of them are unprincipled; they're apt to take advantage of kindness," he answered.

"Perhaps they're just human," said Myra softly; "I can't find condemnation for them when I think of their narrow lives. Why, one old woman walks fifteen miles three times a week up the mountain to sell her butter and eggs. She has a number of orphan grandchildren to support."

"Yes, I know that case," he said. "It's very easy to be honest and just when you have all the comforts of life," said Myra.

But his face did not relax. He was the stern judge, the inflexible moralist. While I liked him well enough, I should have loved him could he have brought forth for our inspection a sin.

"Walk over to my place, this side of Sunset Rock, Mrs. Carey," I heard him say to Myra as I went to the old mountaineer who had just come up, bringing milk. "Will you come?"

It wasn't a question he asked, this masterful young judge, and Myra didn't answer him in words. She knew she should go, and so but a week after Daniel Dysart's visit we walked the steep mountain trail to Buzzard's Roost and struck another trail leading to his home.

He awaited us. He stood, a stern and very handsome young god, silhouetted against the mountain. Even my steady heart could quite understand how a woman would thrill to the task of softening that rigid personality; how greatly she would be repaid. For if Daniel Dysart judged with intolerance, he was capable of a single-minded love.

And Myra, as she went about Daniel's home, was enchanting with a new animation; an inner joyousness which showed through made her sparkle as she looked at hand-made book shelves, a rosewood piano, ceilings with beams of natural wood. She cried out with delight at the high fireplaces made of green and gold stones.

It went into a sweet love story, and yet for some reason I was fearful. I wondered about Myra's thoughts. She was very quiet sometimes as Daniel drove us behind his big black Billy about the country. We drove by Sunset Rock one evening, and I heard Myra mention Mark Carey's name. Then there was silence for a long time, silence indeed till we reached our home, but Myra's eyes were very happy.

The wooing went quickly. In a month Myra came to me all aglow.

"Daniel and I are to be married very soon," she said.

TWO years after Myra's marriage I visited her again, this time, of course, in David's home.

Myra herself awaited me at the station. I felt sure from her clear eyes, her quick smile, that there were no undercurrents; that no sense of debt to Mark's memory linked her to the past.

Naturally I was very anxious to meet Daniel Dysart again, anxious to learn what marriage with such a woman as Myra had done for him.

He reached home from his cotton fields and his fig orchards about 5. He was tanned from much outdoor life. His light hair, thick and windblown, gave him a picturesque quality I had not noticed before. Or was it that Myra's love had quickened him into something more dramatic?

He went directly to Myra, standing to regard her with all the ardor of a new lover. She was still to him the rare one, removed as one from any other. Small wonder that in the radiance of such a love Myra had grown immeasurably.

You will gain that my admiration for Myra was very great, but I know she deserved all that I could give her. There was that profound and excellent beauty in her, the faculty for giving her all freely and so bountifully. Her sympathy spread over so many deeds about her, was so brimming with tact and under-

standing that once surly mountaineers fairly worshiped her.

And then there was her love for her husband. So brilliant, so deep, so unwavering a thing was that. No man but could think himself crowned to be the recipient of that love; not less Daniel Dysart, a man of great sensitiveness and understanding, despite his unequivocal canons, his dealing out of arbitrary rules of living for warm humans to follow.

As the days went by and I saw their perfect love, saw their need of one another and how each fulfilled the other, I felt almost a superstition that such wonderment could not last.

And I hit upon the one spot that could injure this perfection. Had Myra told Daniel of her promise to Mark Carey?

I asked her this question one night while Daniel was in the little church swearing, according to quaint custom, to many things regarding his man Boris—Boris, who was shortly to marry a little mountain girl.

Myra was not perturbed by my question, and she answered me.

"No, I didn't tell Daniel. Why should I?"

I waited, not deeming the question fair to be answered by me. She went on:

"Of course Daniel knew of the marriage. But of the promise—no. Candidly, that promise was out of my consciousness. It would have been an abnormal irrelevance to mar the beauty of our love—Daniel's and mine."

"You think Daniel would have thought this?" I asked.

And she lifted her head, with its heavy crown of hair, and answered:

"Daniel would have resented that intrusion; you see, just Daniel mattered to me, and just I mattered to Daniel." Her voice lowered as she finished. "It was all very sacred."

AND that very night, as we three sat on the side porch casually talking, the incident occurred that roused all my fears for Myra's continued joy. The sound of a horse scrambling up the mountain top disturbed the peace and beauty of the night, for with this noise came also the echo of unrepressed sobs of a woman.

The horse, nearing the house, slackened his pace, though the rider evidently did not intend to stop, but Daniel called out:

"Hail a moment, neighbor!"

He pushed a button and the porch was brightly illuminated, revealing the young mountaineer Boris seated upon the lagging horse, before him his bride-to-be. Boris held her loosely with one arm, and she it was who had been crying. Her breast still heaved with the intensity of her emotions. She did not look up as her companion reined in, but pretended to rub the glass of the dim lantern she carried.

Myra spoke:

"Why, Weary, where are you going?"

"Back to Spring Rock," the girl answered, sullenly still with head downcast. "A judge has set upon me."

The words fired her companion. His eyes flashed and he raised his head in anger.

"I may be a judge," he cried, "but I've sat in justice." Then to Daniel directly: "You need not come to the church to-morrow, Mr. Daniel. There'll be no marriage there. I'm taking Weary back to her aunt."

Daniel looked long at the young faces before him before carefully choosing his words.

"Boris," he said, "Weary has been very happy with your mother, awaiting her wedding day. What has happened?"

The girl now lifted her face. She was a beautiful young creature through all her sullenness; so full of bounding life that you wondered why even so haphazard a thing as a wrong name should have been given to her.

"Oh, so happy," she cried out; "so happy that my heart cleared itself. I told Boris last night when the stars were out about another man—when I was 16. We met, and kissed, and then he rode away. That was all. But I wanted to clear my heart to Boris."

Boris' face went black.

"Don't talk so much," he advised roughly.

She turned upon him. "Another may not be the god you've made yourself."

The man gathered up his reins.

"Just a moment," said Daniel. His voice was stern. "Boris, you gave a promise to this girl, and you can't break it!"

"For good cause," answered the young mountaineer with dignity.

"There is no cause strong enough to make it right for you to break your promise," returned Daniel. "You promised Weary to take her to church to-mor-